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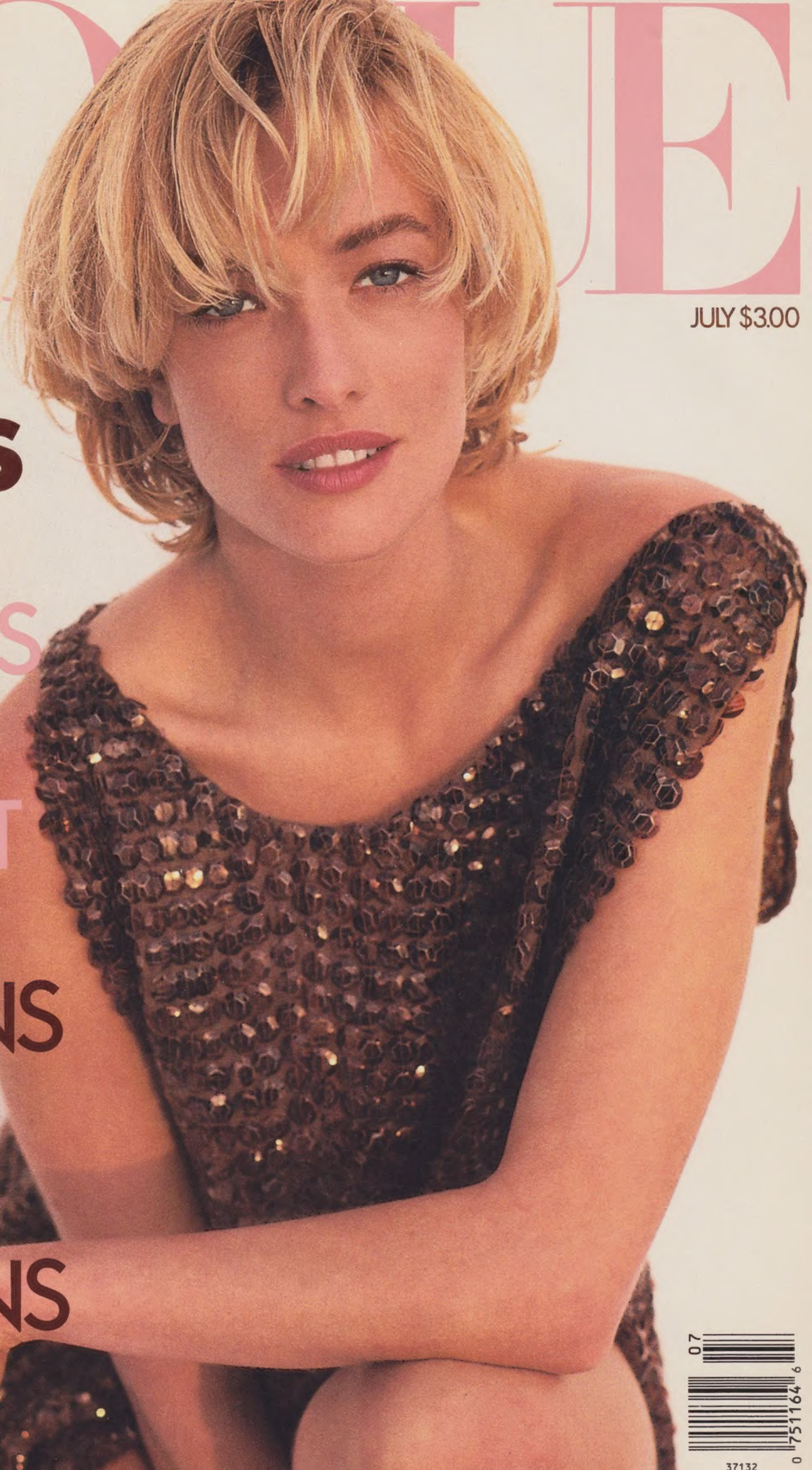

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VOGUE

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COVER LOOK Modern glamour—a short, sequined dress, cropped hair, stronger makeup—on model Tatjana Patitz. Defining the eyes: Quick Draw Magic Eyeliner Pen and Some Color Mascara, both in black. Emphasizing the lips: Moisture Rich lipstick in Glazed Peach. All from Max Factor. Isaac Mizrahi dress. Details, last pages. Hair, Sally Hershberger; makeup, Carol Shaw. Fashion Editor: Elizabeth Saltzman. Photographer: Herb Ritts.

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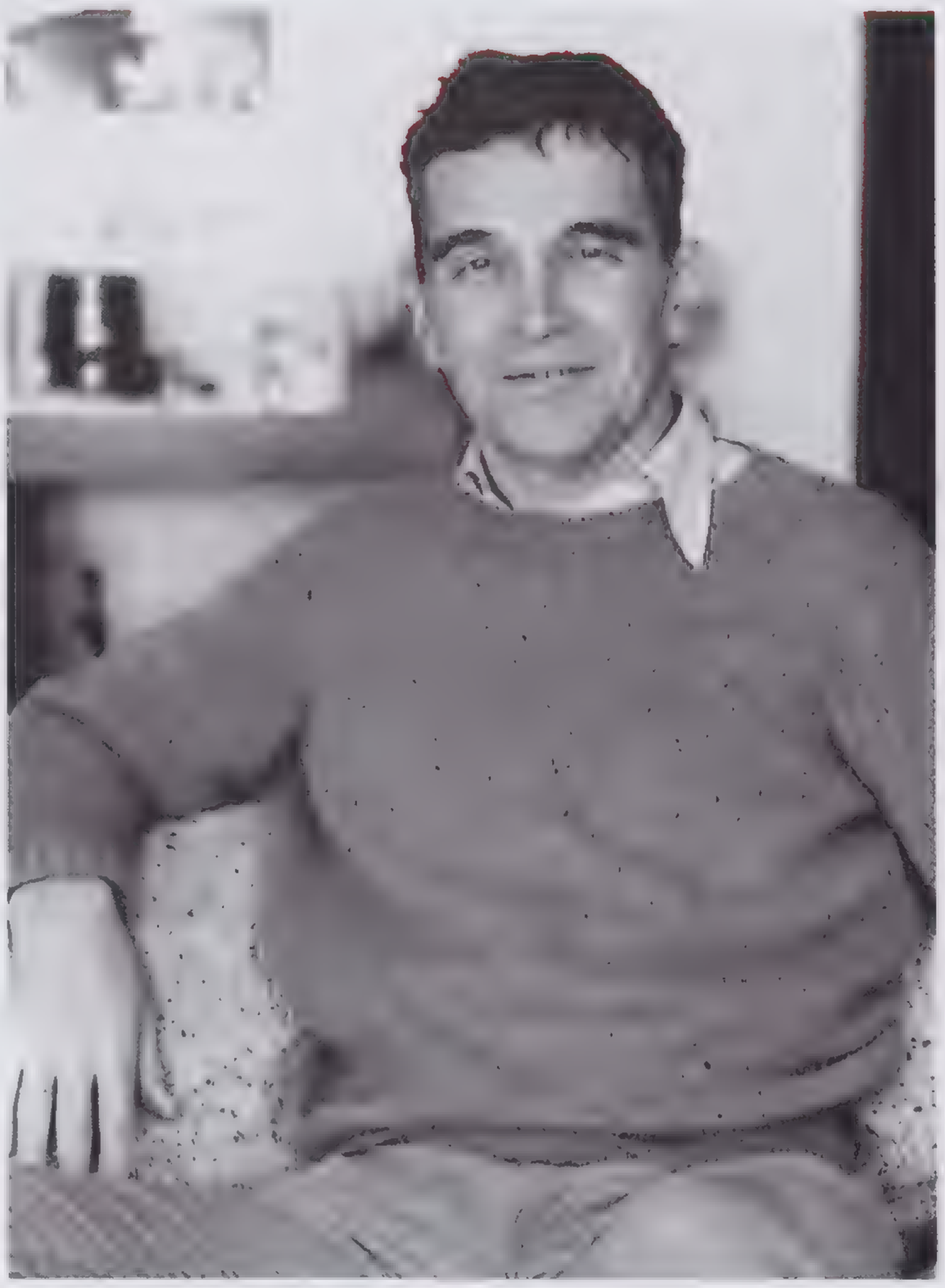

Robert Coles

Since the late 1950s, Robert Coles, a pediatrician and child psychiatrist, has traveled the globe studying and living with children: children caught in the struggle for civil rights, children victimized by war, children stranded in urban ghettos or uprooted in migrant farm workers' camps, even children marred by extraordinary privilege. Much of his research culminated in the five-volume, Pulitzer prize–winning *Children of Crisis*. In this issue of Vogue, Dr. Coles writes the next chapter—a poignant essay on America's homeless youth. A research psychiatrist at the Harvard University Health Services and a professor of psychiatry and medical humanities, Dr. Coles has written more than forty books, including *The Call of Stories* (Houghton Mifflin), in which he explains that only through sharing stories can one person fully enter another's life. Here, he shares with us the stories of children in a Boston shelter. "I thank Vogue for asking me to do it," he says, "for along with the rest of us, I sure needed to see and hear what I did." CONTRIBUTORS ▶ 24

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VOGUE

Brigitte Lacombe

"What I love to do is watch people, study them," says photographer Brigitte Lacombe, who started taking pictures while still a teenager in Paris. "On the day I photographed Brice Marden for Vogue, I got there early to watch him move around his studio. He's very graceful." Artists, actors, and directors are some of Lacombe's favorite subjects. She is currently the photographer for the Lincoln Center Theater. "Everything I do is a portrait," she states. "I try to spend as much time as I can with people before actually putting them in front of the camera, and it all comes to me by watching them. That's what the picture is about. It's not just me bringing something to them. It's also them giving something to me."

Nick Tosches

"Jerry Lee Lewis was, and is, the only famous entertainer whose life has been as intriguing as his music," says novelist Nick Tosches. In this issue, he profiles Dennis Quaid, who portrays the Killer in the new film *Great Balls of Fire*. Tosches, the author of Jerry Lee Lewis's biography *Hellfire*, first fell in love with country music while listening to a jukebox in Jersey City, and his fascination with Jerry Lee—the "redneck Faust"—has not abated in more than a decade. "He's like a Faulkner character," says Tosches. "Except, if the Killer's life had been written by Faulkner, who hated rock and roll, instead of lived by Jerry Lee, who hates writing, no one would have believed it."

Top: CARME MASIA; *bottom:* MARK STERN

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FASHION CLIPS

By Page Hill Starzinger

New York class action: WASP basics treated irreverently...Paris flash: tailored corduroy skirts, suits

Take the most classic, establishment item and treat it cavalierly; that's what downtown New Yorkers are doing. Bright paint is splattered on monogrammed loafers, pearl necklaces are tied at the wrist with colorful plastic Mardi Gras beads. Cashmere crewneck sweaters are stretched out at the neck and ripped. They're worn one piece at a time with the current uniform—skintight black leggings, a bright T-shirt....Years ago, Perry Ellis rescued corduroy from the unfashionable obscurity of professors' jackets by using it for young, short-skirted city suits. Parisian designers take it into more sophisticated territory. At Emanuel Ungaro, fitted cardigan jackets are cut in the finest black pinwale. At Yves Saint Laurent, sleek, tailored suits with slim skirts show up in white corduroy.

Chunky sixties heels... Where Madonna shops for jewelry

Everyone seems to wonder when the retro look of the sixties and seventies will disappear; but it won't for fall. Shoes not only take on the low, chunky silhouette of *Mod Squad* days, but the wide heel shapes are accentuated by contrasting color or by bright outlines (at Walter Steiger, for one)....The rest of the country is still deciding the moral validity of wearing oversize crosses as a pure fashion statement, but Madonna has moved on. In the Pepsi commercial, she wears black silk-cord necklaces strung with gold daggers, tiny silver amulets, and other religious symbols.
At a recent Los Angeles benefit, she was spotted wearing a silver rosary as a pendant. Considering Madonna's knack for starting trends, the jewelry—by Los Angeles designer Miss Rita—is sure to bring questioning souls into the fold.

Reverse psychology: plaids for evening...linings on top...New versions of the motorcycle jacket: in brass-studded velvet; with gold buttons à la Chanel

Tartan grows up: Mizrahi's silk bomber jacket, strapless cashmere dress

It seems someone invaded designer workrooms, switching fabrics for day and evening. A yellow, red, and green Stewart tartan is the surprising subject of a short strapless dress at Isaac Mizrahi; at Perry Ellis, a workaday buffalo check takes sequins and a vest-cut....In an industry with a reputation for superficiality, what's inside suddenly counts. Linings are now obvious—bright, flamboyantly patterned, matching a scarf or dress. Even ornamented coats aren't safe: Bill Blass's leopard-print topper takes a black-and-brown mini leopard print lining....Some women like the comfort of a motorcycle jacket, but they don't like the punky image. For them, new ideas that came down the runway: Carolina Herrera's black velvet jacket studded in brass at the collar; Moschino's Chanel version with white trim, gold buttons.

The best summer skirt: long, crinkled. It can be tossed in a suitcase

It may sound like the slick, trumped-up promise of a press release, but it's not: so-called crinkled skirts can be twisted, knotted, tossed in a bureau drawer or suitcase. They actually need to be crumpled to keep their texture. Manhattanites and Angelenos buy them in offbeat shades—paprika, sienna, celadon green—at specialty stores or shops that carry items from India. They're worn Gigli style: with a cotton or silk T-shirt in a soft hue, a garland of glass beads, and a drapey scarf crisscrossing the chest and tucked into the waistband.

Latest tie-up: handbags...The Rolex of the nineties... Substitute players for fur: quilting, double-faced wool

The nineties status symbol: the Breitling

The best summer handbag: one that's wrapped and tied. Sybilla, an American who shows in Milan, turns out a version of the sacks hobos carried. Even the tried-and-true tote gets tied up: Debra Moises casts it in iridescent silk taffeta and cinches the handles into a square knot....A note to all dealers of fake Rolexes on the street: the great new watch for the nineties is the Breitling Chronomat. The face: a mix of steel and gold. The strap: heavily padded brown leather...While Bill Blass may have jolted Seventh Avenue when he discontinued his fur collection, and Carolina Herrera may have shocked ladies-who-lunch by proclaiming that "fur coats are out of fashion," women won't be left out in the cold. Herrera designs extrawarm quilted coats in navy wool crepe. Blass creates short, double-faced wool coats in charcoal gray and papaya.

PIERRE SCHERMAN

GUESS

GEORGES MARCIANO

FOOTWEAR

GUESS

GEORGES MARCIANO

FOOTWEAR

GUESS
USA
WASHED JEANS

GEORGES MARCIANO

FOOTWEAR

GUESS
USA

VIEW

Editor: Laurie Schechter

1

Designers are stitching up a crazy quilt of patchwork looks—cutting and sewing pieces of velvet, suede, faux fur, even creating trompe l'oeil patches with prints and sequins

Patchwork has come a long way since its days as a hippie statement. 1. Versace's mixed-and-unmatched sequins, pleated skirt. 2. Christian Lacroix's patchwork-print jacket paired with contrasting skirt, scarf. 3. Ferre's dress with printed "lace" strips, tiger-print sleeves.

2

3

4

5

4. Three-dimensional jacket, matching vest at Missoni. 5. A print with the look of patchwork: Hermès's "book" jacket, matching scarf. 6. Ferragamo's square deal: suede patchwork jacket, matching skirt, minibag. Details, last pages.

VIEW ▶ 36

6

1,3,4,6 BRUNO RINALDI; 2,5 GUY MARINEAU

VIEW

Sometimes a designer's inspiration comes from a snip of fringe, an old photo, a string of beads.

PENELOPE GREEN does a little spying

Marc Jacobs's bulletin board at Perry Ellis, FAR LEFT, hints at the striped skirts and lace-up boots he showed for fall. Isaac Mizrahi's board, ABOVE, features his muse, Audrey Hepburn.

PRIDE! APPRECIATE! DISCIPLINE! MEDITATE NOW! are scrawled graffitilike on the walls of Isaia's workroom. The dried underbellies of several crocodiles are thrown negligently over one partition; a hodgepodge of *National Geographic* tearsheets is scattered across the floor. Tacked to the wall above his desk are photographs of Africa, of giraffes, of regal African women, a postcard of a watermelon, a black-satin cat mask, a head shot of Ali MacGraw (that looks to be from *Love Story*, circa 1970), and a Polaroid of a Schiaparelli jacket. This bulletin-board-cum-collage is a longtime staple of Isaia's. Like many designers, he uses it as a sort of inanimate muse, as a visual collective unconscious from which he draws his design inspiration.

And some of the references are quite specific. Colors from the watermelon are picked up in the reds, greens, and dark seed browns of the cotton-and-Lycra skirts, tops, and dresses he's showing for fall. The purity of the naked, powerful bodies of the dancing tribesmen seems to have been translated directly into Isaia's classic curvy shapes that sculpt the body into perfection.

Then there's Geoffrey Beene, whose desk and walls are littered with a serendipitous mix of, well, junk. There's a fragment of red wrapping paper (covered with handfuls of black watermelon seeds) that he brought home from a recent trip to Vienna, a page torn from a seed catalog of a hotly colored begonia. A tearsheet from *Honolulu* magazine reveals lots of girls, lots of leis; a much wrinkled (though highly tailored) black silk blouse shines with a gold Chinese pattern (he picked it up in a thrift shop). The connections to the collection are obvious. The wrapping paper evolves into a beaded, body-hugging dress in intense red with black "seeds"; the begonia inspires the hallucinogenic flow-

Boards: LEN JENSCHEL; designers: ERNEST SCHMATOLLA, ERIC BERGMAN, JESSICA LENNARD, PAULINE ST. DENIS, GUZMAN.

Isaia's bulletin board, RIGHT, is cluttered with African photographs and swatches of the new vegetable colors he showed for fall.

Geoffrey Beene's desk, ABOVE, and the page from a seed catalog that inspired the sequined flowers on his evening dresses.

Giorgio di Sant'Angelo, RIGHT, has collected sketches, photos, and ideas in volumes of bound sketchbooks since his earliest days as a designer.

ers that emblazon his tiny embroidered evening jackets. *Honolulu* magazine? Well, Beene was tremendously impressed by a recent vacation there ("wonderful bodies in bathing suits; those girls are so great"), and his fall collection is "about nudes": many of the evening dresses show marvelous gauze cutouts that ripple and curl like waves down the back—and down the bottom. The majority of fabrics—such as bronze organza—simply look "wet."

Newcomer Michael Leva has been likened to Geoffrey Beene because of his idiosyncratic, easily recognizable design shapes; his work style, however, is vastly different. Leva behaves more like an editor than a designer, relying on ethereal ideas rather than on concrete visuals: his weathered black backpack is stuffed to bursting with references for the fall collection, and the percentage of written notes greatly outweighs that of the sketches. His studio is also terrifyingly spare. What is on the walls is a carefully orchestrated grouping of tearsheets and memorabilia; wreaths of dried flowers in muted pastels, an *HG* tearsheet of "mad gardener" C. Z. Guest wearing a Mainbocher coat, pages from Diana Vreeland's *Man and the Horse*. One of Leva's own Hermès riding boots is tossed behind the desk. The translation of all this into Leva's fall line is quite explicit: the theme is definitely country—lots of tweedlike fabrics in rich, earthy colors.

Not every designer likes to work this way. In fact, the idea of a set "formula" irritates a lot of them. Arnold Scaasi has a "horror of bulletin boards—I never use them." Horror to such a degree that it depresses him to see the fixings on everyone else's boards. And a horror of clutter in general: during fittings ▶ 38

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he breaks every hour and a half to have a maid come in and rid the room of whatever mishmash has accumulated.

Like the Italian architect Mario Botta, Giorgio di Sant'Angelo is almost as well known for his glorious watercolor illustrations as for his clothing designs. Sant'Angelo collects his ideas into sketchbooks that cover his works in progress for his entire career (more than two decades). Inside are strange Cubist sketches of the female shape repeated over and over again, from year to year, through a million different permutations, and collages of reproduction Renaissance paintings (the colors—rich blacks, purples, reds, greens—show up in this fall's collection). There are photographs of friends, of himself, of strangers—references that go all the way back to his days as an industrial designer working with Du Pont. The richness of these books mirrors the richness of the collection, which encompasses some of the lushest clothes around: hand-painted, hand-crushed, hand-beaded velvets and silk gauzes.

Audrey Hepburn figures big in the iconography of Isaac Mizrahi's soul (and on his bulletin board, whose most telling feature is an old Vogue cover shot of the star—his model of choice, Melanie Landestoy, is a dead ringer for Holly Golightly herself). Instead of any specific fashion cues like the wardrobe, say, from *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, it's Hepburn's qualities as a woman (''very reserved, a grown-up gamine'') that mean the most to the designer. ''I don't ever look back,'' says Mizrahi.

Right now, it's tartans that make up the body of his collection. More than just a nod to the Gaels, he says, tartans exhibit the purest expression of pride: ''People wear them to represent their clans, their families.'' And pride is a crucial part of Mizrahi's work ethic. Witness the Buckminster Fuller quote pinned to the top of his board: ''Don't be loath to discard your beautifully complex solutions and substitute your undramatically simplest solutions. And do that again and again until it looks so obviously simple that everyone will say, 'Anyone could design that,' and they will never know what you went through. . . .''

Smack in the middle of Marc Jacobs's bookshelf is a copy of Carly Simon's *No Secrets* album. ''She is the grown-up hippie,'' he says proudly. ''I love her!'' Much the same could be said of Jacobs, who, with his long hair and blue jeans, sits coiled like a cat on top of his office desk. Many of the pieces in his collection for Perry Ellis have an exuberant kind of hippie irreverence. The spectacular American-flag afghans take their design from the Jasper Johns series of flag paintings (Johns's book is also in evidence here), and on the wall is a large flag patch, a Polaroid of Andy Warhol wrapped in Old Glory, and one of Jacobs's own versions draped over a model. ''My favorite Johns painting is the white-on-white flag,'' says Jacobs. The collection's grand finale offered up a bride wearing a white-on-white evening dress beaded like a flag.

Other inspiration comes from a barrage of disparate visuals. There is a tearsheet from a 1969 Vogue showing Raquel Welch ajingle in dangling belts of all shapes and sizes (''I'm very into that picture, very into belts''); his own oversize braided belts swathed most of the models during his show. But all this talk of ''inspiration,'' of deliberate references, makes Jacobs a little cranky. ''I'm not into all that ethereal stuff. I put what I like up on my wall because it makes me happy, not necessarily because I want to use it in some way.'' VIEW ▶ 40

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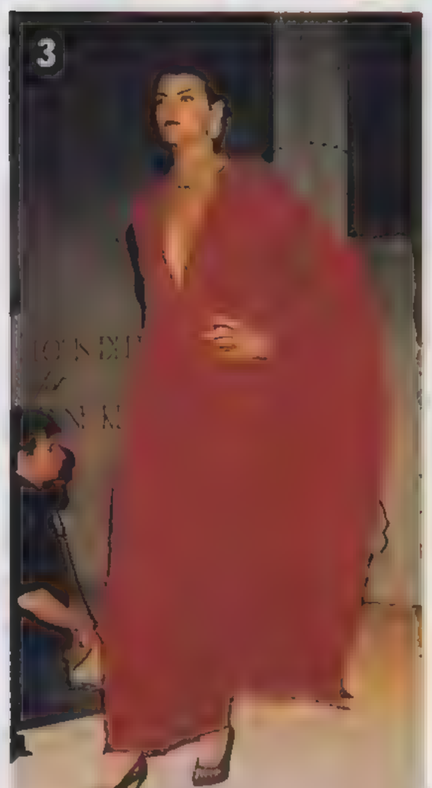
VIEW

Cashmere breaks out of its straitlaced image this fall. Designers stitch it up in short gold-studded skirts, bright red trapeze dresses



1. Cashmere, Donna Karan style—in a big ribbed sweater. 2, 3. By Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co.: a gold-studded cashmere skirt, turtleneck, and sweeping scarf; with V-shaped décolletage—a cashmere evening dress. 4. Oscar de la Renta decorates cashmere with rhinestone buttons. 5. The cashmere sweater set goes into night—over a chiffon sarong—by Bill Blass. 6. Red alert: Carmelo Pomodoro's swingy cashmere dress, matching cardigan. Mary Jane Marcasiano scarf. 7. Royal treatment: Ralph Lauren's classic cashmere turtleneck, crewneck become chic over jodhpurs. Details, last pages.

View ▶ 46

1,3 PIERRE SCHERMAN. 2,4,5,6,7 EAMONN J. McCABE; hair, Sally Francomb; makeup, Giorgio for Suga salon, NYC

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VIEW

Actress **Meg Ryan** is on the fast track to movie stardom. Here, she takes it easy

2

3

"SHE'S THE BEST ACTRESS I'VE EVER worked with," says Rob Reiner. "By far!" Mention Meg Ryan's name and the usually sedate Reiner starts gushing: "She can do anything; she's equally adept at playing comedy and drama. Plus she's sexy, and she's cute."

Meg Ryan stars opposite Billy Crystal in Reiner's new film, *When Harry Met Sally*. . . . "It's about two neurotic, self-indulgent people," says Ryan, "who are madly in love with each other but don't know it. . . for twelve years." Due out next month, the movie is already being compared to *Annie Hall*. "It's a risky film," Ryan continues, "because you follow these two people *alone* through twelve years of their lives. You don't see their family, where they work, or really any of their environment."

The film is also risky because the twenty-seven-year-old actress has never before commanded a ▶50

1

Meg Ryan in clothes by Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis that reflect her casual style: 1. Tuxedo shirt with "duck" buttons, reversible down vest, suede jeans. 2. Stripes and a smile. 3. Reversible fisherman's hat, American flag blanket. Details, last pages.

ARTHUR ELGORT Hair, Eric Gabriel for Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Sonia Kashuk

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Meg Ryan and Billy Crystal in *When Harry Met Sally...*

leading role. "Usually I just play *the girl*," Ryan explains. Actually, she's made a habit of turning bit parts into scene-stealers in movies such as *The Presidio, Top Gun, D.O.A.*, and *Innerspace*, on the set of which she met her boyfriend Dennis Quaid. In *When Harry Met Sally...*, however, the size and prominence of her role could finally give her entrance to the pantheon of Serious Hollywood Actresses.

But modesty comes more easily to Ryan than grandeur. She laughs at compliments about her looks: "Yeah, I do the best with what I got. That's about the most I can say for myself." And she shrugs off questions about her sense of fashion: "I'd love to have some kind of consistent look going, where someone could say, 'Oh, that's Meg Ryan's style,' but I just don't." She prefers old clothes, comfortable clothes, nothing trendy—"things that last and that don't draw too much attention to themselves." Still, she has a special fondness for the little black dress she wore in *The Presidio*, a short, sexy body hugger that was the film's high point. "I like to have a little whimsy with my clothes," she admits.

Ryan has a special fondness for the little black dress she wore in *The Presidio*, a short, sexy body hugger that was the film's high point

At present, the whimsical Meg Ryan has the movie studios trailing at her heels. She's entered a development deal with Paramount for a screenplay she'll coauthor. But that will have to wait; her next project, *Joe Versus the Volcano*, is already in the works. Written and directed by John Patrick Shanley (the Oscar-winning writer of *Moonstruck*), the picture stars Ryan—this time paired with Tom Hanks. All this may seem a charmed turn of events for a young woman who might just as easily have gone into journalism. But Ryan's attitude is more down to earth: "So life is good." ♥

ANDY SCHWARTZ

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ELEMENTS

Editor: Candy Pratts Price

After a season spent pilfering vests from men's closets, designers now raid men's hat racks as well. Dandyish styles—from genteel Regency top hats to rakish fedoras—came down the runway at Lacroix and Gaultier

Millinery masterpieces: 1. A satin top hat by Jean Paul Gaultier. 2. Tartan hat by Christian Lacroix, Hermès leather gloves. 3. An oversize felt boater by Makins Hats, NYC; jeweled hatpins by Jay Feinberg, NYC.

4. A banker's bowler tops off a nonconservative coatdress from Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. 5. A March Hare fur print hat by Lacroix. Details, last pages.

1, 4 GUY MARINEAU; 2, 3 FRANÇOIS HALARD. 5 ELLEN VON UNWERTH

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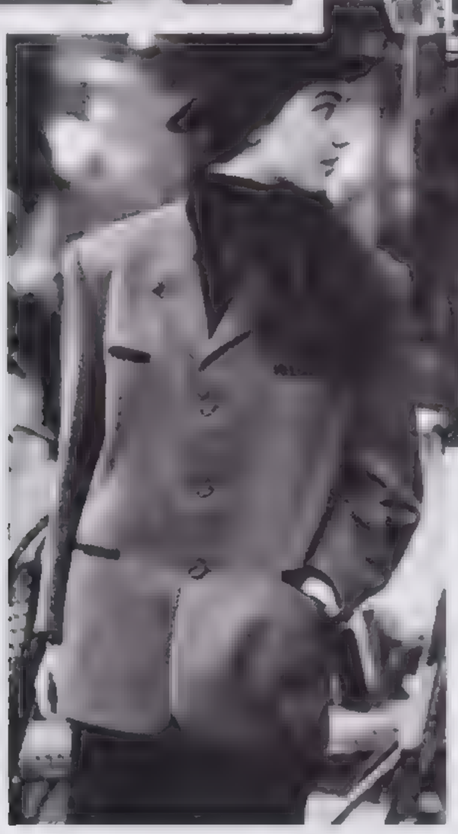
IMAGES: french style

Editor: Shirley Lord

As France celebrates the bicentennial of the Revolution, JOAN JULIET BUCK defines French style. It's not what Americans think



ABOVE AND LEFT: French style on Paris streets. RIGHT: Khaki jacket, cardigan, gloves, all Jean Paul Gaultier; hoop earrings, necklaces, Christian Lacroix.

AFTER THREE YEARS IN FRANCE, I CAME BACK with ten jackets, eight black skirts, five pairs of identical, medium-heeled pumps, forty pairs of black tights, a large supply of inexpensive, reliable makeup, and nothing to wear to a charity dinner. French style is based on economy, reliability, a pathological fear of ridicule, and provocation. It takes about half an hour for an American woman to feel overdressed in Paris, unless her style is confined to clean sneakers.

You can always tell Americans in Paris. They are wearing clothes that match, and a look of alarm. All around them swirl tired-looking local females in old trench coats, big sweaters, and glasses, with battered, functional handbags, men's watches, men's scarves, and perhaps some ethnic torques or manacles for levity. The Chanel bag that owns America is, here, a giant tote, with cameras and manuscripts and bread and a fresh old black sweater jammed inside. The American idea of chic, French style, can be seen at lunchtime in expensive restaurants: bright blonds with arranged hair, wearing new Ungaro suits with new little Chanel bags, and pale legs in high-heeled shoes.

The difference between this look and the French idea of style is the difference between duty-free goods and junk-shop bounty.

Duty free, available to all, is expensive (despite slightly reduced prices), pasteurized, packaged, coherent, self-explanatory. Junk shop is, first of all, used, and takes a great deal of time and effort.

Frenchwomen can belong to various schools of thought about beauty—the classic, the suggestive, or the frankly vulgar—but the time and energy invested in looking any one of the three will be equal in all cases. I have friends in Paris who spend three hours at the hairdresser to emerge with a ponytail held by an elastic.

Hélène Rochas, one of the great beauties of France, is, like Catherine Deneuve, an example of classic perfection. All of her adult life, every day, she has separated each of her lashes with the point of a straight pin. It is no use giving such a perfectionist one of those little gold-plated lash combs. The pin, she explains, may be a terrible risk to the eyes, but it works best. Her nails are short, with transparent polish and the white of a pencil inside the edge. Her simple suits vary little from year to year. In warm weather, she'll make the star- ▶ 58

Left three photos: GUY MARINEAU; right, WAYNE MASER. Hair: James Bradshaw; makeup: Laura Mercier. Details, last pages

tling gesture of pulling the collar down over her back, so that the jacket sits like a stole on her shoulders—a slightly uncomfortable, but far more feminine version of hanging a jacket like a coat over the shoulders. Hélène Rochas was married to Marcel Rochas, who made the perfume Femme for her as a wedding gift.

Although the namesake of a very successful perfume house with its own cosmetic line for almost thirty years, for herself she has always chosen beauty products from the pharmacy. She introduced me to some of them—Embryo-Lisse, a makeup remover made with *extraits embryonnaires;* Eau de La Roche Posay, a moisturizing water spray; and Thiomucase, a cream that does something wonderful to cellulite. Used with matching suppositories, it also prevents premenstrual bloat. (She never suggested the suppositories.) From her I learned about Oscillococcinum, homeopathic granules (derived from the livers of Barbary ducks) that help you avoid colds. It was from her that I also learned to keep a thermos of chilled mineral water nearer to me than a packet of cigarettes, to get rid of my loofah, and to try not to curse in male company. Her hints on being attractive run from "Don't keep your glasses on when you're with a man—they're endearing, but they magnify the skin under the eyes" to "Never wear *amusing* shoes." To the shock of Americans, she keeps her legs bare in the summer and well into the fall.

Real life in France, ABOVE AND RIGHT: "Old trench coats, simple pumps, and ...a tote with cameras, bread, a fresh old sweater jammed inside."

While Americans may have holistic exercise routines, the French have such things as the Institut des Jambes, where ice packs and inflatable rubber stockings are applied to thick legs. The French also have every variety of diet quackery—injections of calf's urine, multiple mini-injections of plant extracts—as well as extremely agreeable spas, to which couples repair to be bathed in seawater and eat a little less, together. Spa visits are also reimbursed by Social Security!

Frenchwomen go to dermatologists rather than to beauty counters when their skin acts up, and it was a French dermatologist (a woman with the finest skin I've ever seen) who told me about Lutsine, a makeup made with human sebum that prevents spots and, if applied properly, is invisible. Another recommendation, Eau D'Avène, is a water mist that protects the skin.

Water mists, embryos, Barbary ducks' livers, human sebum: these things do not appear in duty-free products, but they are the key to the French management of appearance, a careful husbandry rather than a deliberate style, based on odd little products that are hidden away in the back of little pharmacies—and on the sweater shelves at Agnès B. The best shoes in Paris come from a place called Harel, whose reputation is based on two basic rules: the styles—simple pumps in lizard or box calf—never vary, and the shoes are very, very comfortable.

Frenchwomen have had rings under their eyes since childhood, when *cartables* bulging with Greek and algebra homework were lugged home every night. To preserve that look of youthful exhaustion, kohl has been popular for fifty years.

"It's best," says photographer Bettina Rheims, "to always look as if you'd just gotten out of bed, your own or someone else's. Men's clothes are essential—your man's clothes. That's why it's better to have a big man, because small sweaters are ridiculous."

Here you have it: a world where the man provides not food, shelter, and love, but sweaters. This is a cold and self-reliant world, where style replaces safety. An American, confronted with the French and seeking perhaps to imitate them, will fasten on details—the man's watch, the Azzedine ciré raincoat that is this year's prize garment, the Moroccan bracelet, the habit of wearing striped fisherman's T-shirts, the fetish for black—as if these could provide the necessary style, and the protection.

What is behind that style needs to be grasped first.

The man's watch has to belong to the man you love; he can wear a Swatch. The ciré cannot be one among a choice of raincoats: it must be the *only* coat that is worn this year, in the mornings for work and at night, as a friend said, "over nothing." The Moroccan bracelet should have been on your arm for twenty years, the T-shirt a little frayed.

Black is worn because it is, in the end, economical and because "it accentuates everything." Says Rheims: "If you look good, you look better, and if you look like hell, it adds to the devastation." The thinking is an urbane form of realism. Life is tough, the dry cleaner is far, and sexual attraction rules.

José Luís, the makeup artist who used to work for Yves Saint Laurent and now freelances, doing only photographers' sittings, always smears makeup a little, to make the face look lived in. Perfection is, to the tired school of thought, absurd. These are the women who wear only black, and black leather, and black sunglasses. They will wear red nail polish and not mind if it's chipped; they will wear kohl or no eye makeup at all, but they will also spend the most on beauty products. The latest craze is Japanese products called Anayake. "I wouldn't dream of going to the beach with- ▶60

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IMAGES

out Anayake's water spray,'' says Bettina Rheims.

In the past few years, young French girls have taken to wearing some odd things: rubber skirts (called *slooghys*), knitted dresses that cup the underside of the ass, black lace bras as party wear, and corsets as outer garments.

These girls are all a little overweight and they like it. Their lipstick is red—by Paloma Picasso, Christian Dior, Yves Saint Laurent, Revlon—anything red and sticky. Their mouths are twice as big as anyone else's, and the rest of their makeup tends to be very white. They might not shave their armpits.

The other side of this image is asexual and is promulgated by such high-style fashion people as the remarkable Claude Brouet, who favors the look of a Venetian doge, with slicked-back hair and loose, ecclesiastical garments.

French style is old clothes—old French clothes. Unlike American clothes, which are made to stun one season and begin to stammer and fall apart after a year, French things retain their dignity for years.

The secret of Saint Laurent's success in France is that he succeeded in making a woman's wardrobe as reliable, disciplined, and boring as a man's. You walk into the shop at the beginning of the season and sigh, ''Not another rack of black suits trimmed in navy blue, and there's the old black-and-white checked suit again!'' From such discipline comes, inevitably, discipline. There is a limit to the number of black-and-white checked suits a woman can own. Conversely, there is no limit to the number of bright wrapped jersey dresses a woman can own—the very things you learn to loathe, as they multiply in your closet, while the old navy blue and black, anonymous and structured, is always there to get you through.

Americans dress, make up, exercise, and present themselves to look as if nothing has yet happened.

The French hunt out, hold back, weigh up, take strange potions to keep themselves in shape, get advice, and then drop as many hints as they can as to the rich, dramatic personal lives they are having. We want to be new; they want to be old. It's our optimism, and their civilization. ♥

IMAGES ▶ 62

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IMAGES: beauty to go

Adventure-travel writer SHANE MITCHELL, who logs about fifty thousand miles a year, advises on the perfect travel kit of health and beauty aids

RECENTLY, I TRAVELED THROUGH THE PHILIPPINE jungle with a woman who carried in her extensive baggage a butane-powered curling iron and a brush with a hair-spray container built into the handle. As we were several thousand miles away from the nearest black-tie dinner, malaria medication and SPF 30 sunblock might have been more practical.

However, I stopped laughing at her grooming gadgets after we caught a lift together in a converted World War II jeep jammed with livestock and produce. I was riding shotgun on the gear box, squashed between this looks-conscious lady and the driver. After hours of heat and humidity, we bumped down a dirt road, the jeep kicking up enveloping clouds of red dust. Misery—until my companion dug into her capacious purse and brought out an atomizer filled with cool mineral water to spray my face. Instant relief. Ever since, I've carried one myself.

Rule of thumb: if it doesn't fit in an easy-to-carry tote, it doesn't go.

As an adventure-travel writer, I generally log about fifty thousand miles a year, so I know from much trial and error that creating the perfect travel kit takes time and many frequent-flier miles. It's easy to toss some basics in a bag for the weekend, but what should you carry with you for a trip of three thousand miles or more?

The kit, definitely waterproof, should be carried in a larger handbag, rather than in checked luggage, so it's accessible for emergencies. (Contact lenses dry out on long flights; so do skin and hair.) Don't be without Q-tips, cotton balls, Band-Aids, lightweight unscented moisturizer, astringent pads, warm socks, and extra-strength aspirin. I always carry a small spray bottle of my favorite fragrance—it doubles as a deodorant for stale hotel rooms, drawers, and smelly rental cars.

When traveling to remote or unknown destinations, staying healthy is critical. Apart from the necessary pretrip shots, for added insurance I always pack Pepto-Bismol or Mylanta. Vitamin E capsules make an excellent salve for sunburn and help heal scars. Avon's Skin-So-Soft doubles as a powerful bug repellent—even the Amazon's supersize insects don't like the stuff.

Where the local water may be dubious, I pack a liter of Evian for toothbrushing. Because I was once struck down overseas with an excruciating toothache, I now call my dentist, who gives me names of dentists trained in *modern* techniques at or near my destination. For other possible problems, I also take a list of important contacts: American embassy, hospitals, banks.

Whether my itinerary includes London or Phuket, a few Ziploc freezer bags are useful—to bring home shells, a wet swimsuit, or rolls of film. Candy bars travel with me, too. After a straight week of Far East fish and rice, there can be a craving for a sugar fix.

Despite this extensive list, one piece of carry-on luggage is my usual quota. (Rule of thumb: if it doesn't fit, it doesn't go.)

Since the frequent-flier programs were established, many more people are upgrading their tickets to first class, where free travel kits are issued soon after take-off. Unfortunately, the majority usually contain nothing more helpful than a plastic shoehorn, nylon eyeshades, and a mini-toothbrush/toothpaste kit.

The kits I like best include Cathay Pacific's—its 8 x 5.5-inch burgundy cloth bag contains Christian Dior moisturizer, eau de toilette, terry-cloth socks, a mineral-water face spray, and makeup-removal pads. Japan Air Lines' 7 x 4-inch beige Ultrasuede zippered kit is packed with their country's celebrated Shiseido products, a nail polisher, as well as cotton swabs, facial tissues, adhesive bandages, and a lint pad. Alitalia has a *bella figura* leather bag (9 x 6 inches) that is attractive enough to use as an evening clutch and is not only superior outside, but inside, too, where products include ample tooth and razor kits (with shaving cream *and* brush), a tortoiseshell comb, a nail file set, eau de toilette—rotated among Armani, Trussardi, and Capucci—and my favorite item, earplugs.

Other good ideas: Air New Zealand's "Do Not Disturb" sticker, attachable to eyeshades or seat; British Airways' terry-cloth hand towel and pantyhose (on request); Qantas's earplugs and mineral-water atomizer.

Cosmetic companies increasingly have the traveler in mind, especially the short-distance traveler. La Prairie's Travel Essentials is particularly good for overnight trips, with miniature sizes of their skin-care regime packed in a sturdy white mirrored case. Two others to note: Intelligent Skincare's Great Traveler and Chanel's Skin Rescue Kit, both containing sensible sizes of necessary skin-care items. Erno Laszlo's Custom Travel Collection is a tough travel bag with small-size refillable plastic containers for each step of its beauty regime. Bon voyage.

WAYNE MASER. Hair, Donald for l'Agence Bruno, Paris; makeup, Regine for l'Agence Bruno, Paris. Details, last pages

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IMAGES: beauty answers

Because there is still no cure for acne, myths and misconceptions often worsen an already upsetting skin condition. Here, a candid, expert update

IT'S A CRUEL IRONY THAT MANY WOMEN can find themselves counting gray hairs while still battling acne flare-ups. Unlike teenage acne, which results from normal increases in hormones during adolescence, adult-onset acne is likely to be due to hormonal abnormalities.

Skin may be clear through the teens and even twenties, then break out when the thirties are reached, caused, it's believed, by an overproduction of certain male hormones called androgens, produced in women by the ovaries and adrenal glands.

Acne—How It Happens

"Acne lesions can result from a multistep procedure," says Alan R. Shalita, M.D., professor and chairman of the Department of Dermatology, SUNY Health Science Center, Brooklyn. "Androgens can spur the skin's sebaceous glands to produce more oil (sebum) than normal, which stimulates the cells on the skin follicle walls to turn over more rapidly, stick together, and then form a plug. That plug becomes colonized by bacteria, which leads to further plugging and inflammation of the follicle—ending in what we see as acne on skin's surface."

Having a family history of acne can predispose some women to getting it later, rather than sooner, and stress is thought to affect breakouts, too. Some women report worse acne flare-ups prior to the onset of their menstrual periods. "If this happens, it's believed to be due to a decrease in estrogen in the second half of a woman's cycle," Dr. Shalita continues. "Estrogen counterbalances the effects of androgens by inhibiting sebaceous gland activity."

Many acne-prone people assume their skin will get better in the summer. This is not always the case. "Chronic sun exposure is comedogenic—it stimulates abnormal keratinization and thickens skin in general, increasing the likelihood that a follicle will form a plug," says Shalita. "When coupled with humidity, heat can worsen acne, so skin looks worse." Acne-prone women, whatever their age, should use a lightweight, high-SPF sunscreen before sun exposure.

Treatment—What Works

For occasional acne, over-the-counter products containing benzoyl peroxide control or minimize excess oil and may be enough to keep it at bay (Neutrogena's Acne Mask). If acne worsens, it's time to see a dermatologist, who will check for signs of excess androgen production, such as excess facial or body hair, hair loss from the head, or irregular menstrual periods.

If slight hormonal imbalances are discovered through a simple blood test, they can be corrected through the use of very low doses of corticosteroids and/or estrogens, administered orally, to lessen the body's production of androgens.

If no hormonal problem is identified, acne can be more directly treated. Topical (and oral) antibiotics such as Retin-A reduce bacterial colonization in the follicles and considerably reduce inflammation. In the most severe cases of acne, Accutane may be prescribed; it appears to work by reducing the size of sebaceous glands and thus minimizing oil production. Because several studies have linked birth defects to the use of Accutane during pregnancy, new federal regulations require women and their doctors to sign a consent form acknowledging that the patient understands the risk of using the drug.

—LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY

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IMAGES: hair answers

Summer is not the best time to color hair. If you must, here are methods to protect hair and stabilize color

SUMMER CAN BE A BOON—OR BUST—TO HAIR COLOR. FOR SOME women too much sun, perspiration, salt, and chlorinated water can play havoc with natural, let alone colored hair—adding orange tones to brunettes, brassiness to blonds, a whitish look to subtle highlights.

How to cope? Expert hair colorists believe the best tactic for colored hair is to try to preempt what the sun might do—a little lighter on the top layers, with darker inner layers, starting at the roots, gradually lightening toward ends. Intercoiffure member Kenneth Anders, owner of Kenneth's Design Group, Columbus, Ohio, suggests, "When highlighting, never go lighter than the lightest strand of natural color in your hair, or beyond three levels of your darkest hair."

Another idea is to tailor hair color to specific haircuts that can be worn different ways—this is what Vidal Sassoon's new Turnstyles cut/color combinations mean. "Hair is cut first, then colored subtly to look symmetrical when brushed one way, perhaps more exotic when brushed another. Blonds may look lighter blond if hair lies straight, but pulling hair back may bring out darker blond strands," says Annie Humphreys, director of color and technical research for Vidal Sassoon. "Or hair may be many shades of the same basic tone, allowing colors to blend."

Switching to a semipermanent color in summer can help minimize hair damage. This is the advice of one of the most experienced colorists in the country, Leland Hirsch of Nubest & Co., Manhasset, New York. "At the end of summer, semipermanent colors may be the answer if women need to correct overbleaching. For example, women whose highlights have whitened from sun exposure can apply a sandy-shade semipermanent color to add a look of life to the hair" (L'Oréal's Avantage).

For gray hair, consider a nonammonia, long-lasting semipermanent color (Clairol's salon-only Second Nature is a good one), which lasts longer because it contains some peroxide. Since there's no ammonia for the peroxide to react with, hair won't be lightened dramatically, and color won't fade as quickly.

To help keep color intact and prevent fast fading or oxidation the day haircoloring is applied, Clairol suggests the colorist follow these rules: 1) Rinse hair in cool water after color is applied; hot water can fade hair color. 2) Use a liquid shampoo. Cream shampoos can set the stain of the color on your scalp, rather than on your hair. 3) Avoid using styling products that are alcohol-based; alcohol can strip up to 35 percent of your new color. Use a shampoo and conditioner for color-treated hair. Read labels! (Systema Moisture Shampoo by Sebastian, Silkience Salon Replenishing Shampoo and Conditioner, for example.)

In summer, more than at any other time, conditioning is a must for keeping hair healthy and color looking natural (Paul Mitchell's Super-Charged Conditioner). Use a sunscreen made for hair to keep it protected. —**LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY**

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FITNESS

The challenge of rock climbing: to find an inner resolve more unyielding than stone. JANETTE SCANDURA makes a journey upward and inward

Vertigo is something other than fear of falling. It is the voice of the emptiness below us . . . the desire to fall, against which, terrified, we defend ourselves. —*Milan Kundera*
The Unbearable Lightness of Being

IT IS THE SOUNDS YOU REMEMBER WHEN YOU CLIMB: the scratch of fingernails against rock, the crackle of pebbles breaking free, scrambling to the ground, the clank of metallic gear against stone—and your heartbeat exploding in your ears.

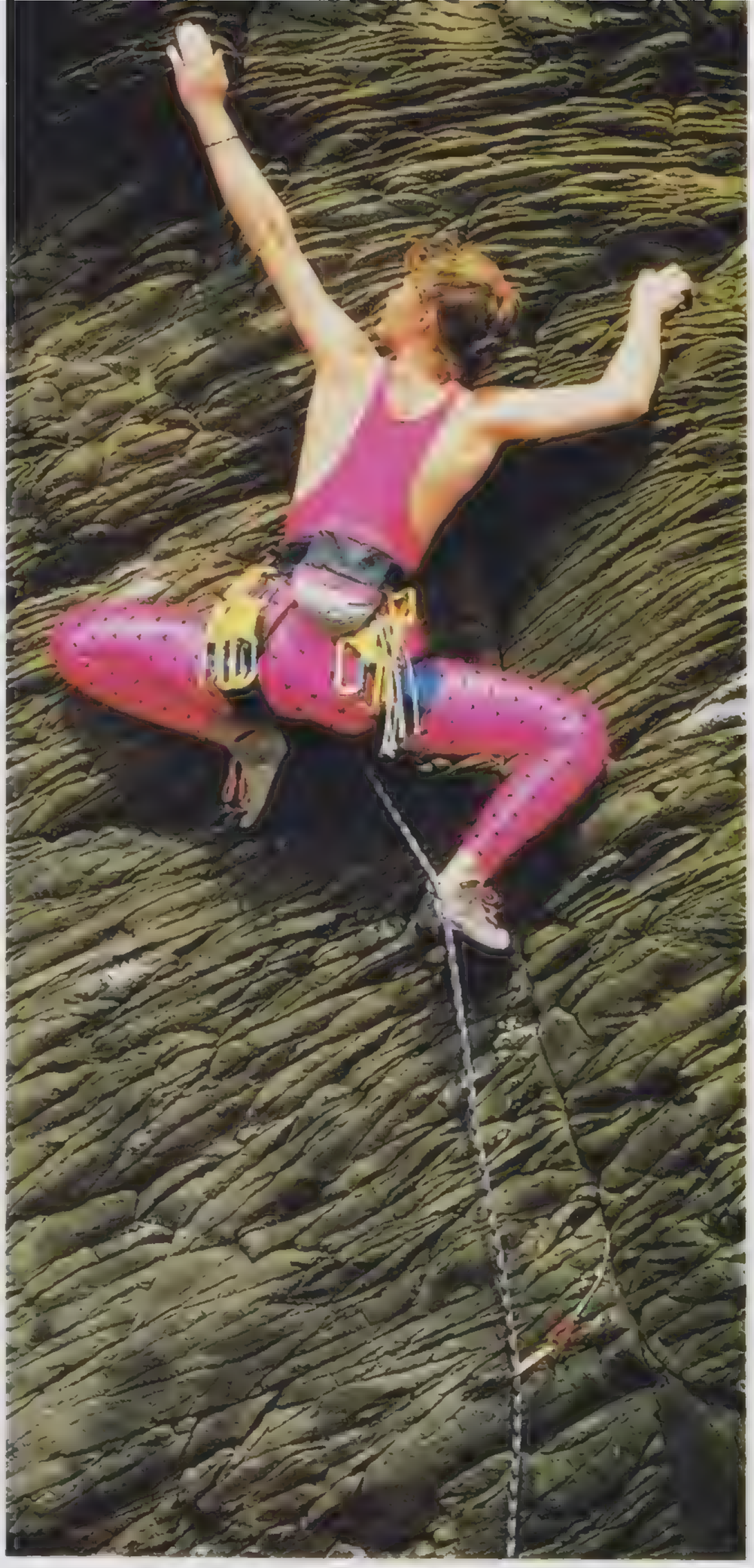
I am not an outdoor person. Until a week ago, my idea of adventure was leaving my blow-dryer at home for a weekend; yet here I am twenty stories off the ground, hanging onto the edge of a rock by my fingertips. I am halfway across the world, in Mount Cook, New Zealand. I cannot look down, I cannot move. I am terrified.

In climbing there are only two options after letting go of the rock: moving forward or falling. I made this trip alone so that I could let go of a lot of things—mostly a two-year relationship that went down the tubes just as I was ready to make a commitment. I am learning to climb so I will understand how to move forward again, and to prove to myself that I have the tenacity to handle life solo.

I hear Peter Brailsford, my New Zealand guide, yelling down to me, "Don't analyze it so much, just go, you'll find a hold."

Just above me I see salvation in the form of a rock, a quarter-size knob poking out from a smooth stone face. I grab it and see a path clear to the top. Slowly, I crawl to the ledge and lean against the mountainside, panting. Peter ties off the rope so we can rappel back down. He tells me the rope I'm harnessed to will hold me. At first, I cannot let go. When I do, I experience both freedom and security, hanging in the air.

Early the next morning we embark on a four-day trek along the Tasman Glacier. We fly over the crest of Mount Cook, land at the hub of the glacier, and hike to the tin hut that will be home for the next few days. Here, there is no running water, no electricity. Several other climbing parties are already at the hut. I am the only American—and the only woman.



Today more women are rock climbing: about twice as many (15,000) as two years ago.

An hour later, storm clouds are rolling in and I'm clumping—with great difficulty—through snow in thick hiking boots with spikes called crampons to help grip the ice. Crevasses lie before us, great cuts in the ice. These are glacial rivers, some as deep as a thousand feet. It is hard to resist exploring them, but to do that can mean death. I hesitate before leaping the few feet to cross them. Then I jump. And when I land—safely—there is an incredible sense of exhilaration at having beaten nature.

We hike for hours. I am exhausted and blame it on the altitude. The stormy sky whitens, the wind burns my face, and I am cold. We're about 200 feet from the mountaintop. I can't see very far because of the fog, and because I cannot see below me I feel secure, but it is a false sense of security: there is an almost 8,000-foot drop over the edge. Here, you cannot hear a pebble land.

I'm afraid that I will not be able to make it to the top. But it's the only option. Ahead of us is the peak. ▶72

ULI WIESMEIER/Adventure Photo

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It looks like a hundred childhood drawings of mountaintops—small and round and white. It is so tiny, so familiar, that when we reach the top, at first it feels anticlimactic.

But there I am standing alone on the apex. The sky is so white we can hardly distinguish it from snow. The thick cotton clouds seem to absorb the sound. I am isolated here, mute and blind with a storm closing in. Peter tells me that the mountains run right to the ocean and on a clear day you can see the Tasman Sea a mile off.

I stand, staring into the whiteness, feeling content and accomplished, watching my breath move softly in and out, then look down at the path we have just climbed. Suddenly reality sets in . . . and I know that what I really want to do is hail a cab to bring me back down.

HOW TO GET IN SHAPE

With a 20 percent annual growth rate and over twice as many women taking courses today as five years ago, climbing is big news. That's due partly to increasingly positive publicity in the past few years emphasizing improved techniques and equipment. Although climbing seems frightening, if done with an experienced guide it's relatively safe. In fact, according to Dunham Gooding, president of the American Alpine Institute in Bellingham, Washington, rock climbing has a lower injury rate than running or cycling. Since the sport has such potential risk, all kinds of safety precautions are built into it—leaving little chance of careless accidents.

The best way to train for climbing is, of course, to climb—on boulders, at local crags, or on one of the new artificial climbing walls popping up at fitness centers around the country. You can also build stamina with a thirty-to-sixty-minute aerobic routine three or four times a week. To build the steady-state endurance needed for alpine climbs, long slow runs, bike rides, or rowing workouts are better.

It's a good idea to do a light weight circuit (twice weekly) to build the upper body and abdomen. Many advanced climbers use artificial fingerboards; some even hang on door moldings or do other unorthodox exercises to improve their grip strength.

But most important is balance and flexibility. These factors increase the range and difficulty of rocks you can conquer—and they help prevent injury. "People tend to emphasize strength above all else," says orthopedist Mark Robinson, M.D., who is coauthoring a book on climbing with Lynn Hill-Raffa, the top female sport climber in the world. "But flexibility in the hips is one of the most important things in climbing. This gives women a tremendous natural advantage."

His advice is straightforward: stretch for at least ten minutes a few times a week. Balance can be improved simply by walking on any raised narrow surface, such as a street curb, wooden plank, or balance beam.

WHERE TO CLIMB

The hottest spots to hang out these days in the United States are Joshua Tree National Park in California and Red Rock Canyon in Nevada. But this is strictly rock-climbing territory. For mountaineers—as always—the place to be is in Mount Rainier country or the North Cascades of Washington State. Rock climbing spots in the eastern United States include the Shawangunks in New York, Cathedral Ledge and White Horse Ledge in New Hampshire, and Seneca Rocks and the New River Gorge in West Virginia. To find out more about locations closer to home, and for information on experienced guides and good climbing schools around the country, call the American Mountain Guides Association at (206) 647-1167, or write P.O. Box 4473, Bellingham, Washington 98227.

The two major climbing centers in New Zealand are the Outdoor Pursuits Centre in Turangi and Alpine Guides in Mount Cook. For more information on these and other training centers in New Zealand, send inquiries to: New Zealand Tourist and Publicity Office, 10960 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 1530, Los Angeles, California 90024 (telephone: 213/477-8241). ◆

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EYEWEAR

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

STAGE-DOOR JOHNNIES Actor, rock star, and concerned citizen of the universe **Sting** will temporarily abandon the rain forests this fall to star in Brecht's *Threepenny Opera* on Broadway. Sting, whose constant traveling companion is Xingu chief Raoni, will play Mack the Knife. . . . *Exclusive*, the new play by best-selling novelist and former MP Jeffrey Archer begins stints this month in Bath and Manchester and opens in London in September. Set in the offices of a **"quality tabloid"** (what?), the play stars Paul Scofield as the editor. "Archer," says director Michael Rudman, "knows something about newspapers." Right—he won £500,000 from Rupert Murdoch's *The News of the World* after *that* quality tabloid alleged an affair with a call girl. Says Rudman: "The play is mercifully free of all that." . . . **PISTOL-PACKING MAMAS** So much for the gentler sex. According to Gallup, 15.6 million women will consider a handgun purchase in the next three years—an increase of almost 100 percent from 1983. To meet the demand, a new video, *A Woman's Guide to Firearms* (Lyon House Productions), stars "actress *and* mother" Lee Purcell, and Smith & Wesson has thoughtfully designed the .38 caliber **LadySmith**—in glossy blue or frosted stainless—for the feminine hand. Lest you think you don't actually need a gun, Paxton Quigley's new *Armed and Female* (Dutton) reminds you of your home, your children, your sense of persecution. Says Cybill Shepherd on the book jacket: "Until more women learn to use the weapons of men . . . they will continue to be the victims of men." Smith & Wesson's own sales technique is a bit less political: "Things that go bump in the night aren't always your imagination," reads one ad. "So don't give in to that instinct to pull the covers over your head." Right, get up and blow somebody's head off. . . . **COMEDIC URGES** At least they got the title right. The lesson of Laurence Leamer's *King of the Night: The Life of Johnny Carson* (Morrow) is that the life of **Johnny Carson**, like the life of Cary Grant, is better left unplumbed. Carson's effectiveness lies in the fact that for the viewer he exists only on camera—even his expensive divorces have been reduced to *Tonight Show* schtick. Do we really want to know now that one of the ushers at his first wedding didn't like him; that he is cold to his children? After all, he's swell to Doc and Ed, patient with errant zoo animals. Most important, he provides encouragement and his all-powerful imprimatur to young comics, the latest of whom is the astoundingly original Kevin Meaney. Dangerous without being insulting or crude, Meaney has depth that's unusual in the three-minute world of TV stand-up, and he tells a mean map joke. A sign of sure success: he is one of the few unknowns ever signed by Michael Ovitz's Creative Artists Agency. . . . **WHAT GOES DOWN MUST COME UP** Bored with beating up on the vice president (it was just too easy), the press is at a new game, **Quayle boosting**. First *The New York Times* cited his increasingly high visibility, stronger oratory, and easy access to the president. No matter that he addressed the Samoans as "happy campers," a White House official praised "his ability to communicate and talk to people directly." It must be working. For the first time since last fall, a *Wall Street Journal*/NBC poll shows that he is viewed at least as favorably as he is unfavorably by the American public. . . . Even Treasury Secretary Nick Brady has won a few **wet kisses**. Once variously described by the pundits as "bumbling," "a moron," and, at best, "a friendly shoe," he has lately enjoyed a lengthy valentine from *The Washington Post* and polite revaluation from *Fortune* and *The Wall Street Journal*. He has also learned the value—and danger—of the sound bite. Early on in the administration he was blamed for single-handedly causing the dollar to plunge when he remarked—on camera—that markets always seem to go up and down. Now, he says, "I should have said fluc-tu-ate." . . . **ANYWHERE BUT HERE** There's more to life, and certainly to vacations, than a relentless social schedule, paralyzing traffic, and near-death by **Lyme disease**. The realtors say that ocean pollution and stock-market problems are the reasons for the leveling popularity of the Hamptons, but that ain't all. More travelers to the Gulf Coast are discovering what singer Jimmy Buffett and writer Jim Harrison have known all along: the sand's white, the water's gorgeous, and the fishing's great. No wonder they call it the **Redneck Riviera**. . . . Other hot spots getting hotter: Maine, South Carolina, even the Caribbean—in the summer it's a bargain, and direct flights from the East Coast take less time than fighting the expressway. —**JULIA REED**

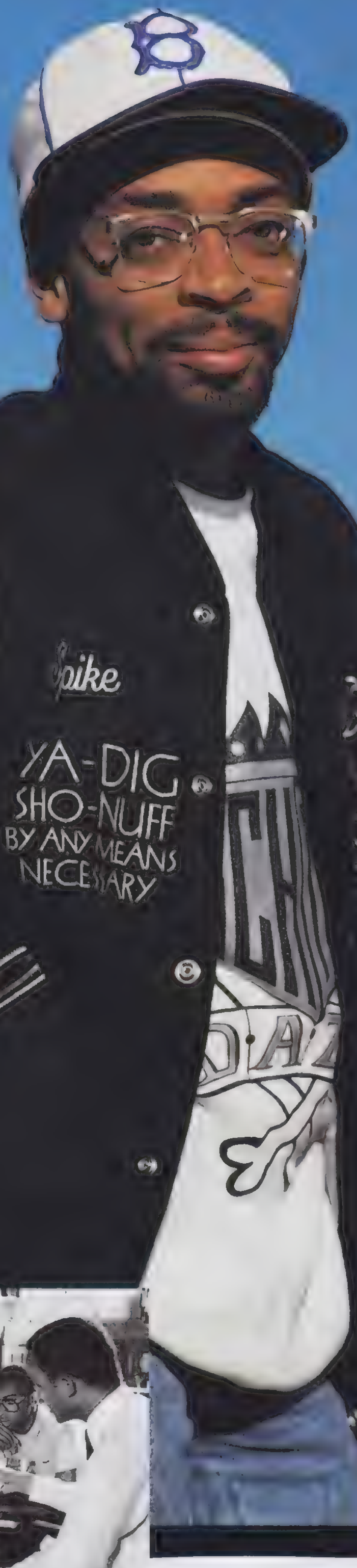
WESTWARD HO

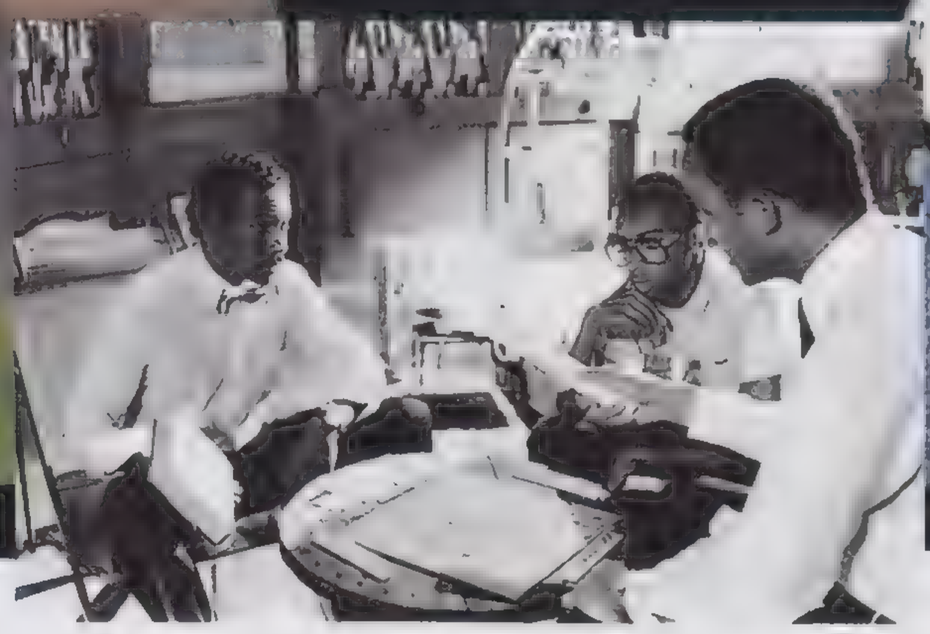
The phenomenal success of *Lonesome Dove*, both in print and on screen, has brought back the Western. Prepare for an onslaught of books—including a major promotion of Louis L'Amour's works from Bantam—as well as TV shows and movies. In the meantime, the death of Sergio Leone is sure to spark a revival of his work. Enjoy the Eastwood epics, but don't miss the great *Once Upon a Time in the West*, or *Duck, You Sucker*, a wry and sprawling tale of the Mexican revolution starring Rod Steiger and James Coburn.

FULL OF IT

Mint jelly, mint juleps, mint tea are all right, but is the world ready for mint foie gras? Farmers in Southwest France think so. They are force-feeding their ducks corn mixed with mint, garlic, or Armagnac to produce livers of the same flavors.

"The beauty of the film," says Spike Lee, "is that everybody's right. And everybody's wrong. And nobody's a hero"





RUEDI HOFMANN. Insets, *left to right*

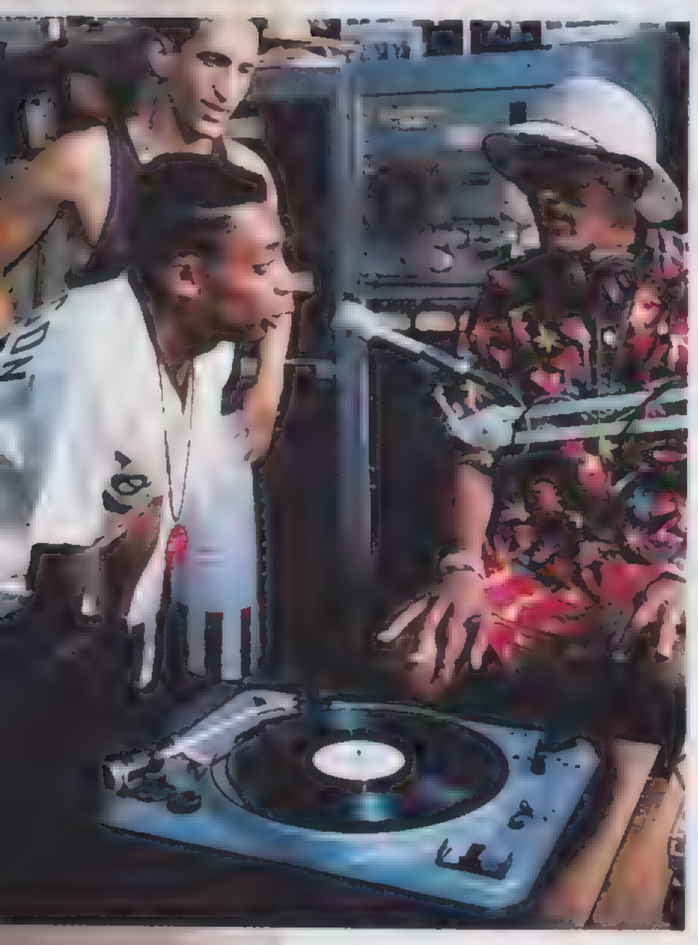
Columbia Pictures, Photofest, Universal City Studios Inc

MOVIES

Known for his stylish satire, Spike Lee takes on darker issues of violence and racism in his new film, *Do the Right Thing*. DAISANN McLANE meets him on his home turf in Brooklyn

TODAY IS CAREER DAY AT BOYS AND GIRLS HIGH School, the "Pride and Joy of Bedford-Stuyvesant" and, according to the tabloids, one of the roughest schools in Brooklyn. But there aren't any B-Boys or fly girls in sight at first-period assembly. The kids, mostly black, file into the auditorium quietly, lugging books; when boys pass by a girl, they murmur, "Excuse me."

Career Day's guest speaker wears a Brooklyn Dodgers' baseball uniform with Jackie Robinson's number forty-two on it, a pair of wire-frame Malcolm X–style specs, and a stone-serious face. Writer/director/producer/actor Spike Lee doesn't look at all like his goofy celluloid alter ego Mars Blackman—the bike messenger who won't remove his Air Jordans, even in bed.



"So how many of you think you might like to be filmmakers?" he asks the students.

Long, uncomfortable pause. Lee fidgets with his long, spindly fingers. Then one girl, bubbling with excitement, stands up and blurts, "Can I be in your next film?"

The ice broken, everybody hoots. This is what the kids want to know. Others shout: "Yeah! Me, too!"

Lee isn't laughing. "I'm not here to lecture you," he admonishes, his voice equal parts sadness and frustration. "But we have to start thinking about other career opportunities and less about being a star. We gotta change these values that tell us that success means having more gold chains than anybody else. Remember, no matter how much gold you have, you're still living where you're living, and not on the Upper East Side."

The Career Day assembly is struck silent. The local-boy-made-good realizes he's dropped a bomb, and lightens up. "Look, without more black filmmakers, there aren't going to be any more black films. So if me, Eddie Murphy, and Robert Townsend are in a plane, and it crashes, you guys are in trouble, see? Next question!"

"What's your real name?"

"Shelton Jackson Lee. Next!"

"What's your new film about?"

At last, Lee smiles: "Racism."

Do the Right Thing, filmed on location a few minutes' walk from Boys and Girls High, is Spike Lee's third feature film and his most unsettling. The thirty-two-year-old Lee isn't afraid of controversy; in fact, he's built a career on it. His first two movies, *She's Gotta Have It* and *School Daze*, established his signature, a mix of fast hip-hop comedy with provocative topics like sexual politics and black self-awareness. So far it's been a winning formula—*She's Gotta Have It*, filmed at a cost of $175,000, grossed $8 million. But in *Do the Right Thing*, Lee tackles a heavy, loaded issue, one that leaves little room for laughter.

"I thought it was time for something done frankly on racism," he says. A big impetus for the film was the 1986 Howard Beach episode, in which a black man was beaten and chased to his death by a gang of white teenagers in an Italian neighborhood in Queens.

Do the Right Thing takes place in a twenty-four-hour period on the hottest day of summer, and the action is centered in a pizza parlor—Lee's nod to the Howard Beach incident, which also erupted in one. But there's a twist: this pizzeria is an Italian-American outpost surrounded by one of New York's largest black neighborhoods. Sal (Danny Aiello), the owner, is the last white holdout on his block; Mookie (Lee) is his goof-off delivery boy. The film begins peacefully enough. Lee leisurely follows his alter ego Mookie as he wanders through the richly textured neighborhood, full of foolish-wise characters like Ossie Davis's drunken Da Mayor and the nascent politico, Buggin Out.

As in Lee's other films, *Do the Right Thing* really doesn't have a plot. There's a lot of music, a lot of hanging out, and Lee's trademark series of "talking heads" monologues. Mookie's odyssey leads him into one encounter after another, and they all have pointed punch lines. In one scene, Mookie gets Sal's racist son, Pino, to admit his favorite basketball player, actor, and rock star are all black. "Uh, but they're not niggers," Pino stammers. "I mean, they're black, but not really black, y'know?" Mookie just smiles.

Shot in a warm, amber focus, Lee's Bedford-Stuyvesant is picturesque—a kinder, gentler urban black America. None of Mookie's pals carries guns or knives, and the only drug abused on the block is Miller Lite. Offscreen, the neighborhood's not so plea- ▶ 80

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: **Spike Lee, offscreen. Lee and Mister Señor Love Daddy (Sam Jackson) in *Do the Right Thing*. A scene from *She's Gotta Have It*. Giancarlo Esposito and Lee in *School Daze*.**

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sant: last summer, security forces from the Nation of Islam had to bust three crack houses on this block before Lee could start filming. But when asked why he's touched up reality, Lee bristles. "If a white filmmaker had done this, we'd have had crazed black people running around, shootin', stabbin', rapin' each other, drugs everywhere, and that's not the type of film I wanted to make." And besides, Lee maintains, drugs and weapons would've only complicated the issue at hand.

The issue comes to a head unexpectedly, just when Sal really seems to have a place in the heart of Bed-Stuy. A series of unconnected, trivial disagreements triggers a fistfight. Suddenly the police are everywhere, a kid is murdered, and an angry mob trashes Sal's Pizzeria. The big surprise: it's Mookie, the link between white and black worlds, who casts the first stone. The ending shocks, but not because it's violent. Lee's right-on satire, together with the thoughtful, sympathetic portrayal of Sal by Danny Aiello, pull the film in a hopeful direction—right up to the last minute it seems like humanity, not racism, will rule. Then Mookie hurls a garbage can at the pizzeria, breaking a window, shattering a dream.

Aiello, who softened the Sal character into less of a racist and

Danny Aiello and Spike Lee in *Do the Right Thing*

more of a mensch, sighs: "The ending takes a heavy turn. Violence begets violence. And it doesn't do a goddamn thing." But Lee, who concludes *Do the Right Thing* with two quotes, one on nonviolence from Martin Luther King, Jr., the other from Malcolm X—"When violence occurs in the instance of self-defense . . . I call it intelligence"—has an altogether different interpretation of his work. Back in Lee's cozy Brooklyn office (there's a Jacuzzi in the bathroom), he listens to the question: which black leader does he agree with? He swivels his desk chair to and fro for a while, then declares, "I'm leaning towards Malcolm. It's evident throughout the movie. Not to negate Martin Luther King, but I think that a lot of his tactics just don't apply today. Like turn the other cheek." Lee says he didn't intend Mookie's response to be a surprise. "When Mookie throws the garbage can through the window, he represents all of black America that's just stood by and watched too many of us get lynched, murdered, whatever, and has just had enough."

Is that what *Do the Right Thing* means? "I don't have the answers," Lee sidesteps. "I won't accept that responsibility. What I do is put on the screen stuff I think is important that we talk about. And the beauty of the film is that everybody's right. And everybody's wrong. And nobody's a hero."

in brief

The Norsepersons of *Eric the Viking*

Eric the Viking IS THE LATEST EPIC FANtasy by a Monty Python alum. Terry Jones created and directed this comic odyssey, which begins when young Eric, played by Tim Robbins, falls in love with a girl he's just killed. Realizing "there must be more to life than rape and pillage," the enlightened Eric and his Norse crew (Lief the Lucky, who drowns the day they embark, Sven the Berserk, Ragnar the Maddeningly Calm, Ivar the Boneless, et al.) set off for the Edge of the World to wake the gods and end the bloody Age of Ragnarok. Asked whether the film's cast—which includes John Cleese, Imogen Stubbs, Eartha Kitt, Mickey Rooney, and a Japanese comedian named Tsutomu Sekine—isn't an odd selection, especially for a Viking movie, Terry Jones replies, "Yes." . . . In **Weekend at Bernie's,** Andrew McCarthy and Jonathan Silverman play a pair of insurance company flunkies treated to a weekend at their boss's house in the Hamptons. Their holiday is nearly ruined when they find his corpse awaiting their arrival. "He's sitting there propped up on the living-room couch," says McCarthy, "but people just kind of ignore him—just like normal cocktail parties, where you talk to people and don't hear a word they say." McCarthy is excited about his role because it's the first time he gets to play a "lazy, self-serving wiseass; he's kind of me times three." . . . The writer, producer, director, and star of **Young Einstein** is a young Australian named Yahoo Serious. No joke. The movie, however, is a joke. In fact, it's a collection of Aussie inside jokes told as a fictional biography of Albert Einstein's early years: he splits atoms, invents rock and roll, and carbonates beer. And though filmed on a shoestring budget, it's one of the most popular motion pictures in the history of Australia—topped only by *E.T.* and the *Crocodile Dundee* movies.—**JEFFREY SHERMAN**

***Young Einstein's* Yahoo Serious**

Top: Orion Pictures; center: Universal City Studios Inc.; bottom: Warner Bros

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MUSIC

Like 10,000 Maniacs, the band she leads, Natalie Merchant demands to be heard

A MONTH AFTER DECLARING THAT 10,000 MANIACS WILL never again perform Cat Stevens's "Peace Train," because Stevens supported the death threats against Salman Rushdie, singer Natalie Merchant is regaling me with an unprovoked diatribe against Madonna's "Like a Prayer" video. It is just noon in the New York City offices of her record company, where she has come to promote 10,000 Maniacs' vitriolic new album, *Blind Man's Zoo*, and she is in full swing, speaking with quiet emphasis in an accent that sounds almost Scottish. For a twenty-five-year-old from a small factory town in northwestern New York, she sure can blow. She removes her heavy-framed glasses and straightens the collar of her simple cotton print dress; she is not wearing makeup. When she was younger, she went around telling people that she would commit suicide when she reached twenty-five. Last year she announced that she cared more about nuclear arms depots than about boys. But this morning, for some reason, she is obsessed with Madonna's burning crosses. It has been a long rant, full of history and propaganda, until finally she pulls up, saying, "I think everybody who's in the public eye should be conscious of being a role model. I am. *You* should be conscious of it, of everything you do or say. It's a responsibility." She pauses. "Is that the end of the interview?" She has yet to answer a question.

Part pill, part inspiration, Natalie Merchant is an engaging contradiction: a high school dropout with a laundry list of pretensions and the inarguable power of her convictions. It's hard to decide whether to tell her to lighten up or offer to sign her petition. But one thing is clear: in the eight years since they formed at the community college radio station in Jamestown, New York, 10,000 Maniacs have grown into one of the most forceful and innovative young bands in America.

Blind Man's Zoo, their best record to date, is as severe and as brusquely charming as Merchant's monologues. Over often beautiful, folky accompaniment, she attacks lofty themes: unwanted pregnancy, Vietnam, pollution, the enslavement of colonial Africa, fire and brimstone. But more than ever before, the music also rages. Combining the artsy mysticism of R.E.M. and the frank social consciousness of Tracy Chapman, 10,000 Maniacs have become the populist radicals they set out to be. "I don't consider us a rock band, because I never was interested in rock," she says. "The only stigma attached to saying we're folk musicians is that people think of coffeehouses and mandolins, dulcimers, 1962. Folk music changes like anything else. Since we wrote our first song, I've been singing about things that concern people either on a universal or personal scale." She stops, smiles, and launches into a monologue about the destruction of the great herds of elephants. It is utterly self-righteous and utterly compelling, a combination of bile and pristine eloquence. Just like 10,000 Maniacs. —**JOHN LELAND**

in brief

John Cougar Mellencamp, *Big Daddy* (PolyGram). Finding wonder and rage in the obvious, and switching effortlessly between hard rock and country styles, Mellencamp has refined both his self-righteousness and his musical subtlety—which makes this bitter album a mixed blessing, but a blessing all the same.

Steve Reich, *Different Trains* (Elektra/Nonesuch). One side is the haunting Kronos Quartet dancing through a technological minefield of digital samples and the composer's intricate, repetitive serial structures. The other is Pat Metheny playing "Electric Counterpoint" on eleven guitars and two basses. Waist-high in theory, this album is surprisingly warm and rich in simple sonic pleasures.

Gabriel Fauré, *Requiem/Pelléas et Mélisande/Pavane*, Orchestre symphonique de Montréal (London 421 440-2). Death is bliss, Fauré seems to say. And Kiri Te Kanawa, singing like a silver-throated angel, is his messenger of the sublime. Ballet fans will note that the *Pelléas et Mélisande* suite contains a big chunk of the music Balanchine used in "Emeralds."

Frédéric Chopin, *57 Mazurkas*, Eugen Indjic (Claves CD 50-8812/13). Chopin wrote fifty-seven mazurkas, no two even remotely alike, and they rank among the most extraordinary musical achievements of the nineteenth century. They're all together here in a compelling, poetic performance—a must for complete-set freaks. —**JOHN LELAND** and **DAVID DANIEL**

KRISTINE LARSEN

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DANCE

Freed by *glasnost*, the Kirov Ballet arrives in America this month with new prima ballerina Altynai Asylmuratova. The tour may revitalize the legendary company, DAVID DANIEL reports

ALTYNAI ASYLMURATOVA: HER FIRST NAME MEANS "golden crescent." She is a prima ballerina of Leningrad's Kirov Ballet, which will play for three weeks at New York City's Metropolitan Opera House starting July 3. This will be the Kirov's first New York engagement in twenty-five years, and it looms as a major international event. Formerly the Russian Imperial Ballet of St. Petersburg, the company has given us Pavlova, Nijinsky, Balanchine, Nureyev, and Baryshnikov—the very people who ignited and inflamed balletomania in the West. There is good reason to be curious about Asylmuratova.

For decades movies, novels, and magazine articles have romanticized the Russian ballerina. When confronted with a beauty like Altynai Asylmuratova, it's hard not to. She was born in Kazakhstan, one of Russia's Muslim provinces in Central Asia. Her diamond-shaped face, with its wide Mongol cheekbones and huge, darkly glinting eyes, seems the genetic culmination of a hundred generations of modestly alluring glances half-hidden behind chadors.

Like any fascinating performer, she is an amalgam of contradictions

The stage only magnifies Asylmuratova's air of mystery. In the famous Shades scene of *La Bayadère*, where she appears inside the hero's dream, her concentration is so rapt, her movement so silky and eloquent, she appears to be dancing under a magic spell. When I met her, I couldn't help but ask if there was a transfiguring moment she'd had as a child, when she absolutely knew she wanted to be a dancer. Most dancers acknowledge such an epiphany and relive it every time they go onstage. I was not surprised to hear Asylmuratova say, "I was always a dancer. I cannot ever remember wanting to be a dancer, because I cannot remember when I wasn't one."

Like any fascinating performer, Asylmuratova is an amalgam of contradictions. She's tall enough to be a high-fashion model, delicate as a porcelain figurine. And while her feet and legs have the strength of titanium, she does not, by Western standards, command a virtuoso technique. Her turns are less than fluent, and her legs don't turn out from the hip sufficiently to project the sharp profile Westerners expect, yet she produces large and powerful effects. There is no small irony in the fact that this naturally vivid and musical woman is the first dancer—the exemplar of style—in a company whose style has become increasingly alien to the musically sensitive.

There was once a genuine Leningrad style. Imperious and graceful in manner, it was the natural product of a city that saw itself as the new Versailles. Refinement was its hallmark, and traces of its gentle grandeur can still be seen when the company dances. The Soviet government's policies since the Revolution of 1917 have forced the Kirov to live in cultural, political, and artistic isolation from the rest of the world. When Stravinsky and Balanchine defected to the West in the early part of this century, Leningrad lost its most important composer and choreographer. Both Prokofiev and Shostakovitch, who remained, were forced by the authorities to bow to the demands of Social Realism. (Every ballet, old or new, had to have an edifying moral grafted onto it.) Artistically bankrupt except for its talented teachers and dancers, bereft of new first-rate material to invigorate its members, the Kirov's only recourse in the twentieth century has been to keep refining and polishing its old ballets. Over the years, the company's high style has devolved into mere stylization and from there to vaporous mystique. To see the Kirov Ballet today is to see every phrase danced exactly the same way: spun into infinity, without accent, lacking distinct gradations of attack. Watching them is like being served a cup of steam instead of the meal you were expecting.

Asylmuratova does not attempt to validate this debased style nor does she separate herself from it. What you see in her is that poignant moment when you know she hears the music brighten to brilliance: she seems to quiver with a febrile intensity. You almost expect her to burst into flame. Then she remembers herself and dances as if she's carving sculptures in Mister Softee ice cream. It's still overrefined, but unlike her Kirov sisters, she makes real phrases with real shapes.

Glasnost may have come along just in time to permit the musical challenge her dancing seems to yearn for. Finally, this year, for the first time ever, the Kirov has staged two ballets by George Balanchine. And Asylmuratova will dance the lead part in one, the great *Theme and Variations*. This ballet *does* connect the former imperial style to the entire panoply of twentieth-century ballet technique. It may well give the Soviets a reminder of what their former refined style was all about in the first place. And it may liberate Asylmuratova to achieve the brilliance that is implied in her every gesture.

PENN. Hair, Oribe for Oribe at Parachute, NYC; makeup, Lydia Snyder

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He's traveled the world—in fact and fiction. But in his new novel **Paul Theroux finally hits home.** CRAIG BROWN visits the expatriate writer in London

Thoroughly Theroux: the writer gets personal

PAUL THEROUX CONFRONTS PHOTOGRAPHERS WITH a mixture of wariness and awe. Every writer, he believes, is remembered by one strong image that becomes fixed in the public imagination. What will his own final image be? "I'd like it to be sporty," he says, adding, "You never see photographs of Stephen King riding a bicycle, do you?"

In a remarkably sedentary, even slovenly, profession, Theroux appears as active as a jumping bean. Few are the countries that have not been scrutinized, however fleetingly, by his dispassionate travel writer's eye, and even when writing novels he is always ready to hotfoot it to the nearest mountain or river. "I used to be very strict with myself, writing to a timetable," he says, "but I'm now forty-nine, and that strikes me as middle-aged. I'm going to run out of energy in ten years, so these days I don't mind taking a day or a week off to go sailing or skiing." From his summer home in Sandwich, Massachusetts, he has kayaked twenty miles to Plymouth Point and rowed solo twenty-five miles to Provincetown, at the tip of Cape Cod.

Born the son of a shoe salesman in Medford, Massachusetts, Theroux has lived in London for the past twenty years, but his lean, energetic persona still seems closer to the swashbuckling American tradition of writer-as-sportsman than the flabby British tradition of writer-as-cushion. Strange then that he feels that his writing began, and could only begin, when he left the United States. "In America, real men don't write. They have to do something *tough* first, such as wrestle, pack a pistol, or carry the right bowie knife. In many ways, American culture does little more for a man than prepare him for modeling clothes in the L.L. Bean catalog. For many years, I found it impossible to admit to myself that I wanted to be a writer. It was my guilty secret, because being a writer was incompatible with being a man, and writing poetry was the equivalent of admitting you were a practicing homosexual."

He spent the sixties teaching in Africa and Singapore. ("It was a way of virtuously dropping out and delicately circumventing Vietnam.") In 1966, he met V. S. Naipaul. He describes the writer's influence on him as "like a private tuition," and when he speaks of Naipaul as "merciless, solitary, and unassailable... No one has a claim on him," it seems likely Theroux is also describing some part of himself. Theroux is not absolutely sure that Naipaul reads him. "He's never actually said that he has liked anything of mine ▶ 92

DAVID BAILEY

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specifically,'' he says. ''But I know he does. If he didn't, he wouldn't bother to talk to me.''

He once wrote of S. J. Perelman that ''he was too much of an Anglophile to like England greatly,'' and the same seems true of Theroux. Critics on both sides of the Atlantic attacked his British travel book, *The Kingdom by the Sea,* for being unnecessarily harsh and misanthropic, yet he maintains it was written ''out of affection.'' At the same time, he remains in London because ''it keeps me hard at work because I find there is absolutely nothing else to do but work.'' He returns to Cape Cod for three months every year to be reunited with his vast family (he is one of seven children) for fun and games. ''The Cape is a resting place for the imagination, a release from the confinement I feel in London, and a way of verifying that the excitement I felt during childhood summers was not an illusion.'' His Anglo-American accent, parodied by his family as, in his own words, ''a know-it-all voice with strangulated vowels,'' causes him to be taken for American in England and English in America.

"I think you have to hold on to your secrets. You reveal them at your peril"

His new novel, *My Secret History* (Putnam's), is an extraordinary amalgam of fiction and autobiography. Reading Turgenev, Theroux had been impressed by the way in which the Russian novelist used incidents from his own life, wrapping them in a plot that transformed them into something quite different. Until now, Theroux's characters, whether Vietnam vets or elderly female photographers, have been utterly unlike himself. But the narrator of *My Secret History* shares a startling procession of characteristics with Theroux: born near Boston, an altar boy, a teacher in Malawi and Uganda, novelist and travel writer, married to an Englishwoman, and so on, and so on. Intertwined are various incidents, many involving adultery and deception, from the narrator's ''secret history.'' But, insists Theroux, this is no confessional. ''Confessional books do not make good novels: there's something artless about them. I think you have to hold on to your secrets. You reveal them at your peril. I don't think I revealed any of my own secrets within the book.''

As an example of the mix of fact and fiction, he points to the character of Father Furty. ''Father Furty is totally invented. The church had a house for wayward priests, some of whom were alcoholics, but I had no idea of that at the time. It is all written with hindsight. Eighty-five percent of the book is fiction of some kind. My wife thought the main character was rather unpleasant; she certainly didn't mistake him for me.''

Nevertheless, he has seen fit to print a disclaimer as a preface (''the characters all strolled out of my imagination''), and he warned V. S. Naipaul there was a character in the book who bore no little resemblance to him.

In *My Secret History,* the narrator's wife says, ''I hate travel books. . . . It's usually just second-rate writers waffling on about themselves and looking for trouble.'' Does Anne Theroux share these sentiments? Theroux laughs. ''She did once say that she didn't particularly like travel books.''

He doesn't think he'll stay in England forever. ''I feel fairly sure that I'll end up in the States.'' He then adds, ''I haven't formed any connections in England,'' a strange and revealing statement from a man who has lived in London for twenty years, is married to an Englishwoman, and has two sons, both educated at English schools and universities. Such detachment suggests to me that, if any single photograph becomes the prime image of Theroux, it will be one taken a year or two ago. He is rowing a boat with a sense of ease and strength, obviously quite sure he will get to wherever he wants to go, somewhere in the distance, all alone.

beach reading

The Mummy, or Ramses the Damned by Anne Rice (Ballantine): In her latest novel, Rice forsakes her beloved vampires for an even less likely protagonist, a mummy. Ramses, the immortal man, is unwittingly awakened by a shipping baron who dabbles in Egyptology. The love story/adventure/mystery that proceeds is captivating, despite the melodrama and outlandishness.

A Woman Named Jackie by C. David Heymann (Lyle Stuart): The most ballyhooed bio of the season boasts of never-before-revealed dirt on Jackie and JFK. Most stories, however, are old ones and the ''real'' Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, who turns sixty this month, remains as elusive as ever.

The Russia House by John le Carré (Knopf): In a departure from the more cerebral Smiley books, this story of espionage includes a touching British-Russian love affair, likable CIA and KGB agents, and an upbeat portrayal of *perestroika* Russia. Compelling and highly readable.

If the River Was Whiskey by T.C. Boyle (Viking): Boyle offers offbeat tales in this collection of short stories. His quirky characters—including a safe-sex fanatic who finds new uses for Saran Wrap and a PR man who tries to sell an image campaign to the Ayatollah—provide some disquieting observations about our times. —**M.G.**

Marilyn Monroe wears Jantzen's 1947 "Temptation" bathing suit, from *Making Waves: Swimsuits and the Undressing of America* by Lena Lenček and Gideon Bosker (Chronicle Books).

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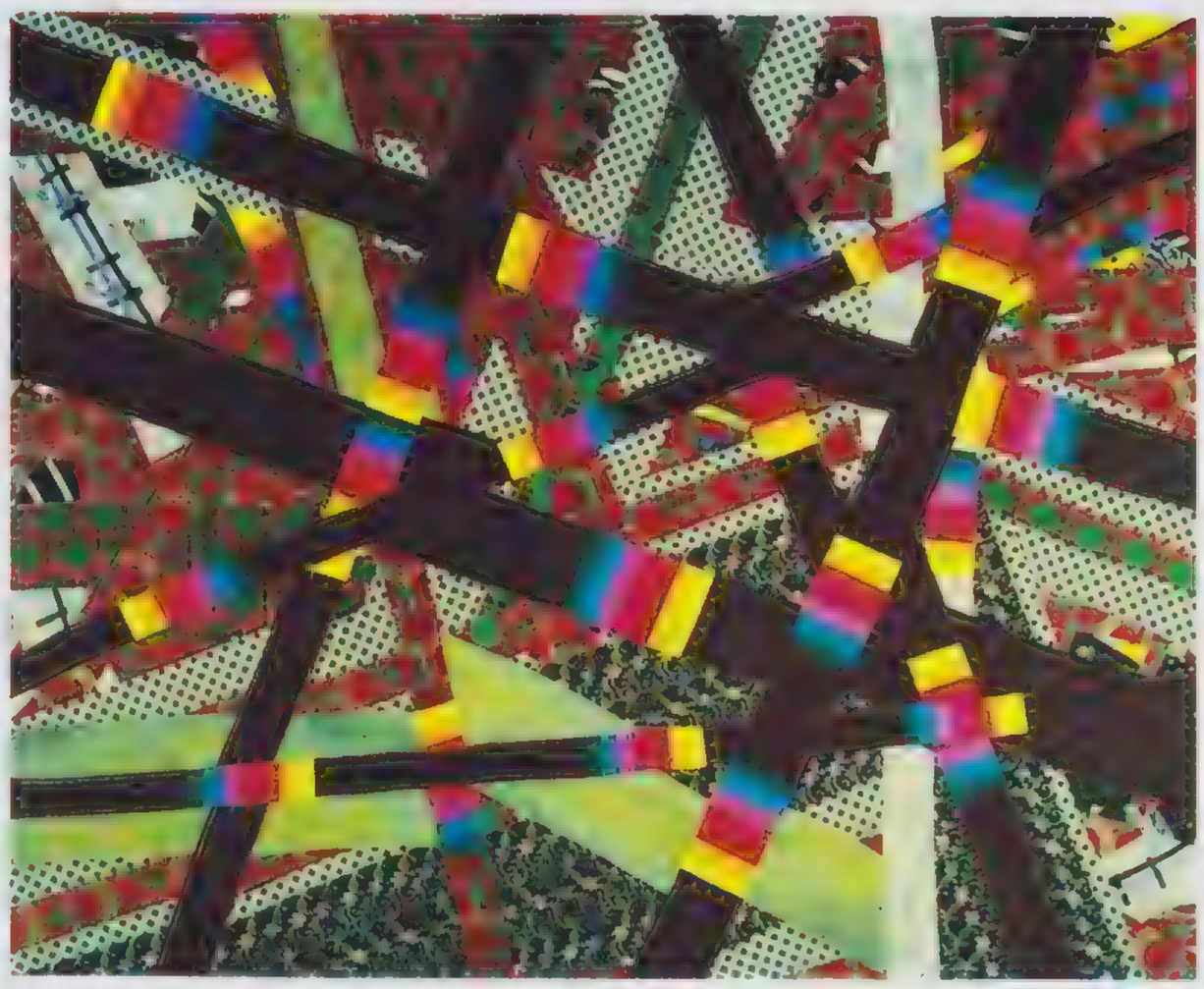
ART

Consistency is no longer a concern, finds RICHARD B. WOODWARD. Not confined to a signature style, many artists are exploring diversity

IN HER SHOW THIS SPRING AT THE JOSH BAER Gallery in New York City, Annette Lemieux included two canvases she had painted with her feet. The titles, *Pacing* and *Nomad*, describe the process of their creation. In the former she had worn a back-and-forth path of bunched up and smeary paint that emerged as a horizontal stripe on a white field; for the latter the tread marks took a meandering course, fading away in some places, in others leaving a trail of small, dark footprints.

Within the context of this coolly eclectic show, in which Lemieux also showed typographical paintings, cast and found sculpture, and appropriated photography, these two items looked like one more style she was trying on—a gloss on both Abstract Expressionism and Minimalism, Franz Kline and Richard Long, the emotional gesture and the pure, simple, declarative idea. But they also suggested an anxious self-awareness of the two paths—both dangerous—on which an acclaimed young artist like Lemieux finds herself. Does she do the same thing over and over, worrying one idea as a sign of devoted purpose—and risk boring herself to death? Or does she set out in an eccentric direction, trying not to backtrack but along the way possibly losing her reputation as a serious artist, maybe even becoming invisible, dismissed as someone who failed to make her mark?



The dilemma is how to develop a self-nourishing way of working when the idea of one personal style seems a quaint and risible fiction. The answer for many younger artists seems to be an array of styles and techniques, a new eclecticism that leaves options open to all media and draws on any historical period for the necessary tension that keeps you going. It's the restlessness of Robert Longo, who has jumped from photo-based paintings of yuppies to sculptures of sci-fi monsters to moviemaking. Or the many tracks—body sculpture, performance art, kinetic neon signs, photography, video installations—on which Bruce Nauman has built his reputation. Artists who work in different media aren't news. But Longo's oeuvre seems to be the product of at least three different sensibilities. A stranger walking into Lemieux's exhibition could have mistaken it for a group show.

Artists traditionally are supposed to have a signature style—a stroke, pattern, or subject that holds some special meaning for them—and they are supposed to develop and evolve this style, to molt every few years by incorporating new motifs and tactics that are related to ▶ 102

Lucas Samaras's painting *The Spectators (Blue on Red)*, panel nine of twelve, 1985, ABOVE LEFT, and his abstraction of sewn fabric *Reconstruction #70*, 1979, ABOVE, share only a defiance of modernist tenets. Richard Pettibone affectionately mocks masterworks in three dimensions—*Shaker One Drawer Stand and Endless Column*, 1987, FAR LEFT—and in two, his painting, LEFT, *A Nice Quiet Paradise*, 1988.

Top, left and right: The Pace Gallery, NYC; bottom, left and right: courtesy Curt Marcus Gallery

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—[illegible]
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"I thank you for the cigarettes. I smoked them in between my present [illegible] brand. There was a definite difference in the FLAVOR."

—V.E. McCambridge
Clearwater, FL

"I smoked one on I thought I was smoking a regular full flavor cigarette. Then I smelled the flavor of this cigarette compared to my cigarette. Boy, what a difference! If you haven't tried it, you should. Now Merit is my cigarette."

—Ralph Perry
Elizabethton, TN

"Merit really has a terrific flavor."

—Jeanne Greene
[illegible], NY

"Great cigarette. I've switched to Merit Thank you."

—Paul McElaney
[illegible], RI

"Your cigarettes do taste good."

—Jim Sutherlund
Malvern, AR

I wanted to let you know that I have switched to Merit Ultra Lights Menthol and I am *not* missing my old brand. Merit is quite good."

—Donna Samuda
Miami, FL

"I think your cigarettes are mild, tasteful and enjoyable."

—Alfred Michels
Barnhart, MO

"I enjoyed the taste of your menthol lights and I think they are better than the cigarettes I have been smoking."

-Junius E. Thomas
Baltimore, MD

"I liked them very much. I liked the taste, the flavor and the mildness."

—Ann Williams
Liverpool, NY

Fortunately, you haven't.

"I have tried your cigarettes, and they sure do have a good taste to them."

—Jack Fowler
[illegible], IN

"I'll promise you now—I'll stick to Merit for the taste and pleasure."

Ruth Graf
Milwaukee, WI

"I really liked it. I will smoke Merit from now on. Thanks."

Nancy Gettis
Wake Forest, NC

"What a pleasant surprise!"

—Coolean Wade
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"Many thanks — I enjoyed them very much. I will continue smoking Merit cigarettes."

—Verna Hamm
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—Velma Walters
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—Lorene Jones
Atlanta, GA

"Your cigarettes were much better than I had imagined. They were the smoothest tasting cigarettes I've ever bought."

—Dale Windle
Richmond, IN

"You have proven it to me. Merit is a good smoking brand."

—William McReynolds
Chattanooga, TN

"I had to write and let you know that I switched to Merit."

—Lynn Magyar
Torrington, CT

"You never know until you try—so, I did, and I must say your Merit is perfect for me."

—Marjorie Addison
Lafayette, LA

"I really like Merit, now that I've tried it. Just bought a carton and will be buying Merit from now on."

—Winifred Andersen
Wisconsin Dells, WI

"Merit sure is mild and I sure like the Ultra Lights. You have made me a Merit fan."

—Nina Bryant
Scottsdale, AZ

"Your cigarettes are Great!! And you were right about the refreshing taste, they were very refreshing."

—Louise Begley
Hamilton, OH

"I love Merit. In the 40 years I've smoked, Merit is the best cigarette I've ever had."

—Roger Bechard
Lewiston, ME

"I have tried a lot of cigarettes. I have never had one that was as mild as Merit. I like them very much."

—Ruby Bishop
Jackson, OH

"I truly prefer these over the brand I'm smoking now. I gave a pack to my friend and he also prefers your brand."

—Maxine Boyles
Huntington Park, CA

"I'm really happy with Merit cigarettes."

—Robin Baugh
New Castle, IN

"Merit Menthol Ultra Lights 100's are good. I will smoke them."

—Earlene Baxter
Traverse City, MI

"Well, Merit Ultra Lights have satisfying taste...I'll tell you fella, they are smooth and mellow...I've been smoking my brand for about 6 years, but I like Merit Ultra Lights the best."

—Geraldine Collins
Orange, TX

"You have a very good cigarette."

—Thomas Singleton
Reading, OH

"We think Merit Ultra Lights are the best, and 6 years of smoking them proves that."

—Dawn Condeles
Chicago, IL

"I must admit that I enjoyed Merit."

—Joan Carone
East Hartford, CT

"I do like it very much. Thank you for letting me know about Merit."

—Lucille Davis
Elizabeth, PA

"I'm smoking my first Merit cigarette now and it is just delightful. I will purchase Merit from now on."

—Rosemary Jones
Kilauea, HI

"I really enjoyed your product. I liked Merit very much!"

—C. J. Jackson
Georgetown, MS

"I have enjoyed Merit. I intend to buy four more cartons of it."

—Gary Johnson
Binghamton, NY

"Thanks...I enjoyed them very much."

—Charles Jarrell
Forest Park, GA

"I smoked one pack and saved the other to be sure I got the correct name. I really enjoyed the mild taste of Merit Ultra Lights."

—Mrs. A. Kepler
W. Seneca, NY

"I tried them and liked them very much."

—Connie Karp
San Francisco, CA

"I liked the taste of Merit. It is my new brand now!"

—Clyde Lingo
Van Buren, AK

"I've enjoyed Merit for many years and have no intention of ever changing brands. Thanks for a *great* cigarette."

—Bill Lutz
Porter, IN

"I really enjoyed the Merit Light cigarettes. I will continue to buy more. Thanks."

—Regina LauRinitis
Manchester, CT

"I have smoked a few packs of Merit and like them very much."

—Marjory Malone
Yonkers, NY

"How delightful to smoke a nice cigarette."

—Doris Martin
Wilmington, CA

"I love your cigarettes. I took them to bingo last night and gave them to my friends, and six said for me to let them know the name. They are changing to your brand."

—Dorothy Millhouse
Sidney, OH

"Thanks for the cigarettes. Enjoyed them. I've always liked Merit."

—Mildred McPherson
Colonial Heights, VA

"There is no other cigarette on the market that can match Merit Ultra Light 100's. I have used Merit since it came on the market and will continue to do so."

—Mel C. Nathan
San Francisco, CA

"I have smoked Merit Ultra Lights Menthol 100's for two years and I enjoy every puff."

—Betty Jean Ruffin
Greenville, NC

"I've tried many other brands of low tar cigarettes and couldn't get beyond the first pack. Merit is just fine and satisfying."

—Jean Rosenberg
St. Petersburg, FL

"My Merit cigarettes taste good...I enjoy my cigarettes. Merits are mild."

—Constance Rov
Sparks, NV

"I really liked Merits. I found them to be really mild, but tasty."

—Jean Rawn
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"I was overwhelmed with how much I truly enjoyed Merit. Believe me, I was very doubtful that it would even come close to my regular cigarettes. But, they exceeded my expectations beyond description."

—Jean Ray
Broken Arrow, OK

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—Peggy Rolfes
Memphis, TN

"They were so mild and flavorsome, I was surprised they were rated with 6 mg. tar and nicotine."

—Carman Robbins
San Marcos, TX

"I was surprised when I learned that I had smoked Merit. It's really a good cigarette. It's going to be the brand I buy. Thanks again."

—Ralph Skaggs
Chillicothe, OH

"Thanks for introducing me to Merit Menthol. Very enjoyable, and seemed to be what I was looking for."

—J. R. Salisbury
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—Gene Snowden
Crestview, FL

"I like your cigarettes very much. The taste is a lot smoother than my brand. I have changed my brand already."

—David Cuthbert
West Orange, NJ

"My old brand of cigarettes now tastes like oak leaves."

—Sharon Tutor
Gordonsville, VA

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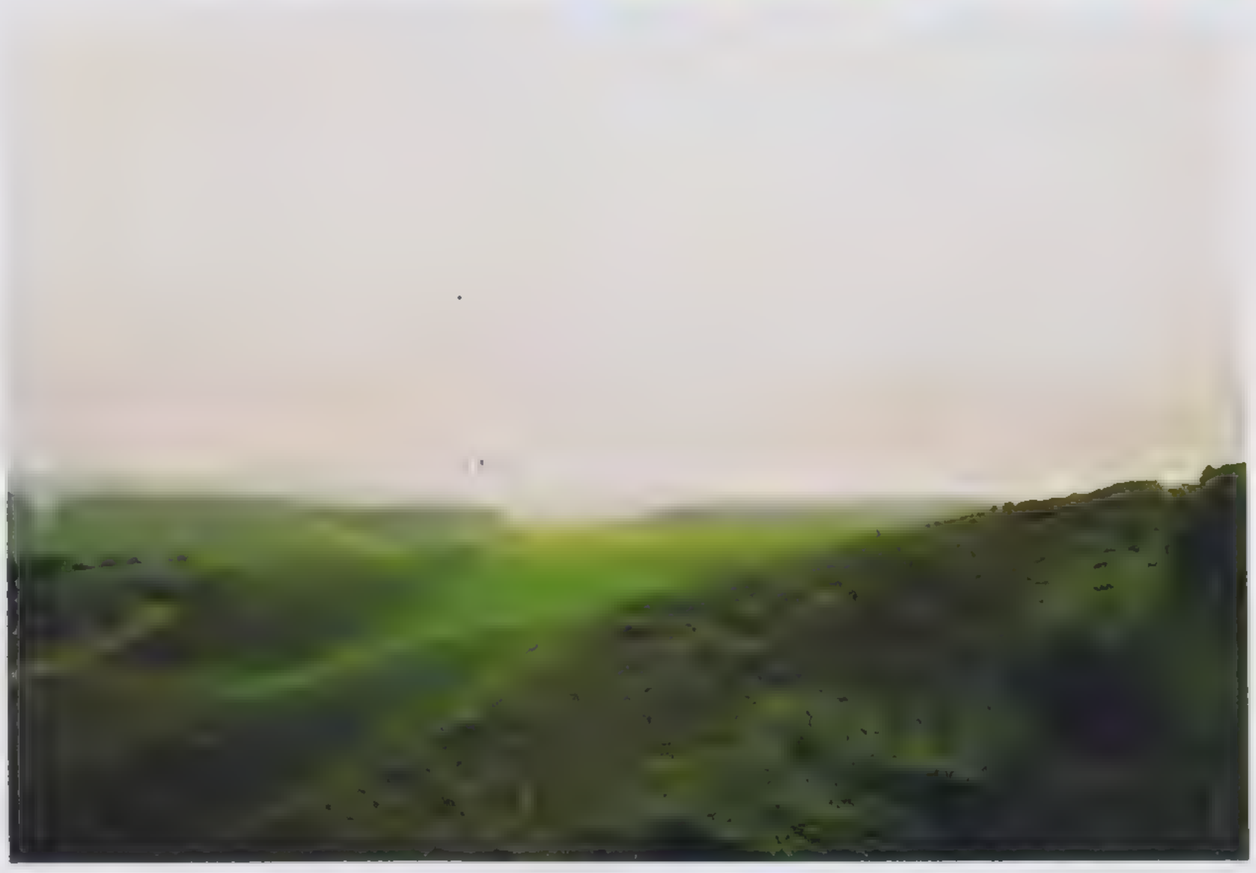
ART

the old ones. "Serious" artists, especially among the Abstract Expressionists in the fifties, Pop artists in the sixties, and Minimalists during the seventies, could be identified by their one look, medium, or material—the drip, stripe, poured color, Ben-day dot, circle, piled stone, box, Cor-Ten steel—that identified a Pollock, Newman, Frankenthaler, Lichtenstein, Noland, Long, Judd, or Serra. Like a graduate student, the artist took on a problem and worked on it for many years, perhaps for most of a career. This is the "pacing" model of artistic development.

"Nomads" like Joseph Beuys, Vito Acconci, and Lucas Samaras are more problematic, although of late more important to young artists who refuse to be confined to a single medium or gesture. Beuys was a wanderer and Acconci is hard to pin down, an unpredictable and difficult videomaker, performance artist, and sculptor. Both spent many years on the lunatic fringe of the art world but have now become exemplary eclectics for the younger generation. Samaras's fabric paintings don't share a common look with his devilish self-portraits, his distorted Polaroids, his junk jewelry

Gerhard Richter shifts between gestural abstraction, as in *Abstract Painting (657)*, 1988, RIGHT, and soft-focus realism, BELOW, *Landschaft bei Koblenz*, 1987.



boxes, or the mirrored walk-in cell that dominated his last show. All his work is stamped with his obsessive personality, a scary solipsism. But Samaras hasn't so much evolved as created separate bodies of work that answer quite different needs.

The impulses that drive much of the new disregard for categories and a singular style come from a number of sources. There is anarchistic mockery in the case of the Russian artists Komar and Melamid, who collaborate on multipanel paintings that abut every style and period they can think of—Cézanne against Malevich against Wyeth against David. Melamid has bluntly expressed his scorn for abstract painters who turn out one kind of work year after year. "It's so obviously stupid," he says. "To ▶104

Top, courtesy Marian Goodman Gallery, NYC, and Sperone Westwater, NYC; bottom, courtesy Marian Goodman Gallery, NYC, and Sperone Westwater, NYC

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the pizzazz
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paint stripes up and down all your life, it's like a prison."

Working in different media doesn't guarantee diversity. The books, self-portrait photographs, and massive paintings of Anselm Kiefer share a common mystical belief in the earth's powers of regeneration and the transformation of the self. They reflect one very Teutonic sensibility.

This isn't the case with his contemporary Gerhard Richter, whose divided soul has produced over the course of twenty-five years two parallel, seemingly exclusive styles: soft, fuzzy, photo-realist landscapes and still lifes; and bold, expressively brushed abstractions. By traditional standards, it is hard to see how both styles could be the product of the same person. But when paired in a single exhibition space, they tend to reinforce and offset each other. Realism becomes abstraction, and vice versa; the landscapes look less kitschy in the company of slashing brush strokes by a bravura hand; and Abstract Expressionism looks less arid and academic in the fog lamps of realism. In his latest show, based on portraits of the Baader-Meinhof terrorist gang, Richter has zigzagged again. His split styles reflect more deeply his political ambivalence, a wayward independence from art historical conventions and West German law.

As naked simulation and image theft have become routine among younger artists, Richard Pettibone, once dismissed as a joke for creating imitation Warhols, has been rehabilitated. His recent sculptures, shown at the Curt Marcus Gallery, merged miniature Brancusi sculptures with the forms of Shaker furniture, a loving homage to past masters and art forms high and low. At the same time, he showed mysterious panel paintings with phrases of poetry by Ezra Pound. The appropriation technique was put to less benevolent use in Mike Bidlo's mimicry of a large portion of Picasso's oeuvre, shown last year at Castelli.

Why eclecticism seems to be the strategy of many artists now isn't clear. Perhaps it's because the pace at which fashions are consumed and discarded in the art world is racing along. Marxists have told us for years that, as a capitalist culture, we require an endless stream of "new and different" looks. With a succession of styles, this could make sense; with many styles at once, it doesn't. For a dealer to show a client five or six different ways that an artist is working can be confusing. It can appear that the artist is immature or indecisive.

Among an older generation of artists, Robert Rauschenberg and Robert Morris would appear to be models. Both have changed direction often, as though afraid to be mired in one style too long. Rauschenberg's corpus of junk sculpture, silk screens, and photographs looks more unified than Morris's, but both have a more nervous and adventuresome spirit than Jasper Johns or Andy Warhol. Further back in time, Max Ernst and Marcel Duchamp offer a wider path for the nomadic artist to follow.

But of the twentieth-century masters, it's Picasso who suddenly looks young again. He once described himself as a "painter without style," by which he meant that he had no fixed way of working. He once said: "Style is often something which locks the painter into the same vision, the same technique, the same formula during years and years, sometimes during one's whole lifetime. . . . I myself thrash around too much, move too much. You see me here and yet I've already changed, I'm already elsewhere. I'm never fixed and that's why I have no style."

One could do worse than have as an ancestor for a styleless style an eclectic artist of his magnitude. ▼

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MEDIA

Meet Brit Hume, ABC's newest rising star.

ALESSANDRA STANLEY reports on the Un-Donaldson

White House correspondent Brit Hume stakes out his new terrain.

THERE IS A THEORY THAT LIKE HUSBANDS AND WIVES, or dogs and their masters, White House correspondents come to resemble the presidents they cover. The antic and flamboyant ABC news reporter Sam Donaldson was certainly the perfect partner for Ronald Reagan—after eight years it was hard to tell which of the two was the greater showman. ABC has selected a new man to cover the new president, one who seems as well matched to Bush as Donaldson was to Reagan. Meet the network's newest rising star, the Un-Donaldson: cerebral, patrician, and eminently sensible Brit Hume.

During boring stakeouts, Donaldson was known for amicably biting his female colleagues. Hume uses the time to work on his syndicated column on personal computers. Donaldson, who once called Nancy Reagan a "smiling mamba" on the air, always lived up to his fiendish eyebrows; colleagues describe Hume as "classy." Former Press Secretary Larry Speakes called Donaldson "the bad boy who always disrupts the class." Hume has no patience for the spirited spokesman baiting that prolongs the daily briefings with Press Secretary Marlin Fitzwater. "I feel for Marlin," Hume says, passionately. "Reporters are just hectoring him to play 'gotcha.' It's so immature and unprofessional—I just hate it."

Hume, forty-six, was born Alexander Britton Hume. He comes from an old Washington family (the kind locals refer to as "cave dwellers") and attended St. Albans and the University of Virginia. He belongs to the exclusive Chevy Chase country club and looks it. With his pin-striped suits, thin leather suspenders, crisp white collars, and boarding-school slouch, Hume comes off more like an investment banker or a Bush family relation than an ink-stained newshound. On the air, Hume exudes quiet authority, staring sternly into the camera as he recounts the White House story of the day in a sonorous baritone. He is not prone to theatrics. "With George Bush and Brit Hume, you have two straight men," complains *The Washington Post*'s irreverent TV critic Tom Shales, who misses Donaldson's flair. "There is no Costello."

Unlike many of his contemporaries on TV, Hume entered journalism the old-fashioned way: print. He started as a cub reporter at *The Hartford Times* and in 1970 went to work for investigative reporter Jack Anderson. A year later, he wrote a book, *Death and the Mines*, about corruption within the United Mine Workers' Union. The next year he uncovered one of the biggest scoops of the decade, a memo by ITT secretary Dita Beard that revealed ITT was bribing the Republican party. Soon after, he joined ABC's documentary unit, only to learn that in television, investigative reporting "keeps you off the air forever." He switched to Capitol Hill and was assigned to the House for three years and then the Senate for eight. He still writes an occasional thoughtful piece for *The New Republic*.

ABC executive Dorrance Smith calls Hume a "contrarian" who loves to flout conventional wisdom. He didn't think the Iran-contra scandal was much of a story—and told his colleagues in the press gallery so with great vigor. He preferred tax reform and the budget. To this day, he calls Gramm-Rudman-Hollings, the deficit-reduction legislation, "absolutely fascinating—an epic struggle." For a former muckraker, Hume is possessed of a strong sense of propriety. During one press conference with then Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole, a fellow reporter asked the senator whether one Republican sleight-of-hand budget item amounted to a "slush fund." Hume turned indignantly on the reporter and barked, "That's going too far." Later, the reporter apologized to Dole—and to Hume.

Some colleagues complain that the fastidious Hume has been too easy on Bush. Hume, however, is proud of his carefully even reporting. "I'm terribly preoccupied with the question of fairness," he asserts. "The easiest way to get attention is to put a negative edge on a story. And when appearances seem more negative than we really know them to be, there is no obligation in our profession to set the record straight." He adds dryly, "How would you like to be known as the one to rehabilitate the reputations of politicians who have been treated unfairly?"

"Presidents," says *New Republic* writer Fred Barnes, a childhood friend of Hume's, "get the press corps they deserve." Bush abhors reporters shouting questions over the noise of the helicopter blades as much as Hume hates to bellow. This president prefers to take questions, one at a time, in orderly press conferences. Hume likes to ask them politely, if firmly. It may not lead to kinder coverage, but the post-Reagan era may be gentler. ▼

TOM WOLFF

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DRINK RESPONSIBLY

Are breast implants too risky? ROBIN MARANTZ HENIG attends a recent FDA hearing—and reports on controversial new findings among experts

BIGGER, "BETTER" BREASTS ARE A HOT COMMODITY these days. Once a solution sought mostly by movie stars, cosmetic breast implants are now available to any woman who thinks her breasts are too small or too droopy. An estimated two million American women have had breast implants—or, in medical jargon, augmentation mammaplasty. About 20 percent of the operations were for breast reconstruction after mastectomy, but the vast majority were done purely for cosmetic reasons. If current trends continue, another 130,000 women will have the procedure done this year.

But recent research suggests that new breasts may carry a heavier price tag than their actual cost, which may be as much as $4,000 a pair. Critics are raising real concerns about the long-term hazards of breast augmentation, one of the most popular forms (after liposuction) of cosmetic surgery. Most breast implants contain silicone gel, and it's the silicone that is causing most of the worry. A few consumer groups want to take silicone implants off the market. "Until a large-scale study proves otherwise," says Douglas Teich, M.D., of the Public Citizen Health Research Group, a consumer advocacy organization founded by Ralph Nader, "these implants are not safe for human use."

New breasts may carry a heavy price tag—up to $4,000 a pair

The government is more sanguine. "We don't believe there is cause for alarm at present," says John C. Villforth, director of the Food and Drug Administration's Center for Devices and Radiological Health. However, he adds, the FDA does need "to establish once and for all just what the risks are. And that's why we're going to require manufacturers of the implants to supply us with scientific evidence of their safety."

An official review of the implants began last summer when the FDA reclassified silicone-filled implants, requiring manufacturers to submit new proof of their safety and effectiveness. Prior to this, breast implants had been allowed to stay on the market without such data on file, since they were already in use when Congress gave the FDA authority over medical devices in 1976. Now the manufacturers have until December 1990 to provide this safety data.

Just as the review was getting under way, the Public Citizen Health Research Group (PCHRG) dropped a bombshell. In November the PCHRG announced that silicone gel caused sarcoma, a form of cancer, in experimental rats. Few scientists were worried by that particular study; the strain of rats involved is known to develop sarcoma in the presence of any foreign implant, whether safe in humans or not. But the announcement led to newspaper headlines, creating fear among women who had already had breast implants.

Currently no definitive data exist about the implants' cancer-causing potential or about some of their other possible long-term hazards. One thing that is known about the implants and cancer: according to the American College of Radiology, even if special adjustments are made in mammogram techniques, breast implants may make breast cancer harder to detect.

A well-known complaint, ironically, is that the new breast turns into something quite unlike a breast: a hard, spherical appendage that looks abnormal, is cold to the touch, and can sometimes be quite painful. This complication, known as capsular contracture, occurs when scar tissue forms around the implant in long, parallel strands. Every implant generates scar tissue, but in some women the layer of new tissue tightens, making the breasts unnaturally hard.

The hardening can be treated with a "closed capsulotomy," a vigorous squeezing of the breast to break up the scar tissue. This is usually done in the surgeon's office, with no anesthesia, and can be very painful. It also can lead to bleeding or even to a rupture of the implant (which can happen even without manipulation).

Even if a closed capsulotomy works, breasts often harden again, and the ordeal must be repeated. If the procedure doesn't work, the next step is an "open capsulotomy," a full-blown operation, done under anesthesia, to remove scar tissue. If scar tissue cannot be removed, the implant may have to come out.

Studies of breast-implant patients have found rates of capsular contracture averaging 15 to 20 percent. Some surgeons say they can keep the implant soft by inserting it under the muscles of the chest wall. This is thought to massage the implant and break up scar tissue as it forms. Others use an implant that is coated with a layer of saline, also thought to soften the breast. A few are using a relatively new implant, called the Même (from the French for "same"), which has a rough surface of polyurethane foam.

The rough polyurethane, says Même codeveloper Steven Herman, M.D., generates scar tissue in tiny capsules around the implant rather than in long, continuous strands. Since the capsules do not touch, they cannot band together and tighten around the implant.

"I have done eighteen hundred procedures using the Même," says Herman, a Manhattan plastic surgeon, "and less than one-half of one percent have ▶ 111

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failed to stay soft.'' He says that in the past year, the Même's share of the implant market has grown from 20 to over 30 percent.

Despite its growing popularity, the Même has plenty of critics. Surgeons say it is harder to remove the Même, because the polyurethane insinuates itself into the breast tissue. And several cases have been reported in which the implants were successfully removed but the coating had disappeared. Where in the body had all that polyurethane gone to?

Migration of the materials in a breast implant—not only polyurethane but also silicone and its breakdown products—is a major concern. Douglas R. Shanklin, M.D., a pathologist at the University of Tennessee, Memphis, says he has seen many cases in which breast-implant patients had bits of silicone, silica (which, basically, is sand), and a type of inflammatory reaction, called granulomas, at many sites in the body. He does not know what their chronic presence in the body portends. ''We have performed a natural experiment on millions of American women,'' he says. ''We're just going to have to sweat it out.''

Breast implants may become quite unlike breasts: hard, abnormal-looking, cold, and sometimes painful

The biggest fear, of course, is that implants may cause cancer. Right now no one can say with certainty whether they do or not. One of the largest studies in this area examined more than three thousand women who had had breast augmentation, following them for breast cancer between 1960 and 1979. As of December 1981, when the information was collected, there was no added risk of breast cancer in these women. (Data analyzed through 1986 seem to agree.)

But the implants had been in place for an average of just over six years (the 1986 data carry women through eleven years), and breast cancer normally takes twenty years or more to develop. ''In our opinion, the question of whether implants cause cancer can't be answered for at least ten to fifteen years,'' says Richard Chiacchierini, Ph.D., an FDA statistician.

Women considering breast augmentation will have to take this medical uncertainty into account. The clear-cut risk of augmentation surgery—beyond normal surgical risks of infection, bleeding, and complications of anesthesia—is that breasts may harden. The uncertain risks, including, for example, autoimmune disease, are more difficult to gauge.

The FDA advises women considering implants, and those who already have had implants, to talk with their plastic surgeons to be sure they understand all the risks and benefits of the procedure. The National Women's Health Network goes one step further. While endorsing ''a woman's right to choose cosmetic surgery,'' the organization casts a doleful eye on the popularity of breast augmentation.

''Molding the female shape into a socially constructed image is not the best of twentieth-century science but more like the Chinese custom of foot-binding,'' Cynthia Pearson, of the National Women's Health Network, told the FDA advisory panel at its last meeting. Body-contouring surgery, she said, ''may make the female figure more 'appealing' to men, but please consider the painful consequences to women.'' HEALTH ▶ 112

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HEALTH

Americans, frightened and confused by recent media reports on pesticides, have turned to experts for guidance—and learned there are no easy answers. LORI MILLER KASE investigates

RECENT REPORTS ON THE DANGERS OF THE PESTICIDE Alar have tainted the reputation of the once-sacred apple. Instead of keeping the doctor away, apples, we hear, may increase cancer risk, especially in children.

Other fruits and vegetables have not gone unscathed. Captan, a known carcinogen, made headlines when the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) banned its use on some fruits and vegetables, but exempted twenty-four others (including grapes and tomatoes), saying the insecticide's benefits to these crops outweighed its risk. Even experts are at odds over how risky pesticide-treated produce really is.

According to Charles Benbrook, Ph.D., executive director, Board on Agriculture, National Academy of Sciences (NAS), less than 1 percent of the food supply has residues above legal limits. "Most produce has no ill effects on people consuming it," he insists. Still, he concedes, "People shouldn't have to choose between a healthy diet, with ample fruits and vegetables, and avoiding potential pesticide risk."

Lawrie Mott, senior scientist at the Natural Resources Defense Council (NRDC), calls Benbrook's figures conservative. Mott, who estimates that as much as 48 percent of the food supply is contaminated by pesticide residues, suggests that consumers consider buying certified organic (untreated) produce.

Even experts are at odds over pesticide risk

Though experts debate the need to "go organic," they do agree that avoiding fruits and vegetables is *not* the solution. "That's like saying air pollution means we should stop breathing," Mott says. The truth is, meat, poultry, fish, and butter may harbor more pesticide residues than does produce.

"It's important to retain perspective," adds Richard Rivlin, M.D., chief, Nutrition Service, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center and New York Hospital, and adviser to the NRDC. "Fruits and vegetables are low in fat and high in fiber and carotenes: all three factors may reduce cancer. Eliminating fruits and vegetables will increase cancer risk—not reduce it."

Some experts point out, too, that the cancer risk posed by pesticides is relatively insignificant when compared to the average American's one-in-four lifetime risk of developing cancer. If a pesticide poses greater than a one-in-one-million carcinogenic risk, the EPA will remove it from the market.

"That is a fantastically small risk compared to the risks we take every day, from drinking chlorinated water to driving a car," says Joseph H. Hotchkiss, Ph.D., associate professor, Institute of Food Science, Cornell University. "If pesticides were responsible for a large number of human cancers, you would expect to see that in epidemiological information, which we track very carefully." Dr. Hotchkiss notes that pesticides have been around since the mid-1950s; yet with the exception of lung cancer (which is tied to smoking), breast and colon cancer (which may be linked to fats in the diet), and skin cancer (which is connected to sun exposure), cancer incidence rates have stabilized or declined in the last few decades.

Benbrook's view, however, is that most pesticides in use today have not been around long enough to determine whether they significantly increase cancer risk in humans. What's worse: many of the three hundred pesticides being applied to crops nationwide were introduced before the EPA's strict pesticide regulation.

Though the agency is currently reevaluating all three hundred pesticides, many groups criticize the EPA's methods of risk assessment. "For thirty years we regulated pesticides to protect the health of a mythical man or woman who eats very small portions of each of the 375 identifiable foods every day," says Benbrook, who is heading an NAS study examining the impact of pesticides on infants and children. "Scientific methods still need to be developed to study the unique susceptibility of certain population groups. Infants, children, the aged, and people with compromised immune systems are more susceptible to pesticide effects."

But experts also point out that pesticides serve a valuable function, protecting foods from fungi and other harmful organisms. And despite mounting evidence that pesticides have serious health effects, the chemicals continue to be used widely because consumers still demand "pretty," insect-free fruit. As Dr. Hotchkiss puts it: "America is not ready for wormy apples."

Consumers *can* reduce the risks posed by pesticides without spending extra money for organic products. Experts advise consumers to wash produce thoroughly (with soap and water); cooking vegetables also eliminates certain residues (but not Alar residues). Some experts also recommend sticking to American-grown produce, as imported fruits and vegetables tend to have more residues (most foreign countries are less stringent in regulating pesticide use). And Mott warns consumers not to be duped by perfect-looking fruit: toxic chemicals probably made it that way.

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HOROSCOPE

By Michael Lutin

Dear readers: with Pluto moving forward in Scorpio, where it's been retrograde since February, Scorpios are now crawling out of their lairs while the rest of us are wrestling with our deepest sexual and gender issues, and facing the fact that males and females are in a perpetual state of attraction and war. The eternal struggle for dominance may be primitive, uncivilized, and not very chic, but it is also inescapable. Other news: with the passion and fashion planets Venus and Mars in Leo, many Leos will drown in styling mousse, while normally well-starched Virgos will come unbuttoned. New and Full Moons take place in Cancer-Capricorn, so the issue of the month will definitely be personal fulfillment vs. professional recognition. (In other words, just because you are a great cook, do you HAVE to write a cookbook?) Since January the pressure has been totally on. Not since school days have we all been so measured and judged by some authority figure or other. The emphasis is definitely on traditional relationships.

CANCER

June 22–July 22

ATTENTION ALL CANCERS (especially Nancy Reagan, Imelda Marcos, and Bess Myerson). Now you see that you have to go on living with, without, or in spite of men who once promised to be your Rock of Gibraltar but ended up being a millstone around your neck. Take heart. By far your greatest attribute is the ability to clench your teeth and smile for the birdie while a colossally insensitive person is stepping on your toes.

LEO

July 23–August 22

As Venus and Mars meet in your sign around the 12th, you'll be so hot you won't have to fish for compliments from the Magic Mirror—which you will probably be looking into at least fifty times a day. Mars squares Pluto on the 5th, so during the holiday don't quarrel while holding a hot barbecue skewer. After all, you are not living with the Waltons or the Cosbys.

VIRGO

August 23–September 22

HEIDI GOES BAD! Although you are convinced you are positively The Last Girl Scout Cookie Made From Scratch, in fact you have undercurrents and secret agendas just like the rest of us mortals who fall so shamefully from grace the first chance we get. So maybe we should start discussing the Virgo penchant for naughty love affairs nobody knows about—especially the object of your affection.

LIBRA

September 23–October 22

Like everyone else, you're juggling your desire to have an impact on the world with a need to be taken care of. Luckily, Jupiter in Gemini means you can continue to expect support from shrinks, astrologers, palmists, and clerics who provide perspective, alternatives, and options. (Good thing, because you are once again in the position of holding a marriage together.)

SCORPIO

October 23–November 21

With Pluto moving forward in Scorpio, let everybody who's been mean to you be pea green with envy and remorse. Tell the jealous and the critical to walk a mile or two in the shoes you were wearing back in the 1970s, when you were scrubbing floors and eating your peck of dirt. If you have to be pushy, unusually obsessed, or downright nasty, do it. Another great Scorpio from history, Marie Antoinette, was probably being hit by Pluto when she said, "Let them eat cake."

HOROSCOPE ▶ 118

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SAGITTARIUS
November 22–December 21

Thanks to the current Jupiter transits, you've seen in recent weeks that you do not have to stay holed up in your cabin skimping on rations. Help is not only on the way; it's here. Pluto in Scorpio in the twelfth house means you're on a path of spiritual initiation. Deep and buried material is oozing out. Cower, and the demons eat you for breakfast. Be fearless, and they flee.

CAPRICORN
December 22–January 19

To get back a sense of yourself, you've had to be cooler to loved ones, set up clearer boundaries, sleep alone. But even the most self-sufficient islander has to contact the mainland once in a while—for supplies if nothing else. The balance just has to shift slightly toward togetherness, Capricorn style: try to relax on the couch as the slaves feed you the grapes.

AQUARIUS
January 20–February 18

It's time for a long-term discussion of your attraction to egomaniacs—and how you deal with them after you've got them. The conjunction of Venus and Mars in Leo this month opens a fresh can of old worms in the area of relationships. In the next year and a half you've got to learn not to believe the promises of every gambler who steps off the riverboat.

PISCES
February 19–March 20

In previous years many Pisceans believed the universe to be a random set of molecular collisions between daiquiris and cigarettes. But now, with Pluto moving forward in your house of higher consciousness, the brain you thought was irrevocably pickled is alive again. It's an awesome possibility for a Pisces: you may be capable of independent thought.

ARIES
March 21–April 19

The Cancer-Capricorn axis this month says you cannot escape red tape, bureaucracy, and civilization. Get away to the country anyway: fresh air, peace, just the sound of chipmunks gaily gnawing through the porch steps. But don't be surprised when a high-rise office building is erected beside your home. The signs are good for a dalliance with a Leo.

TAURUS
April 20–May 20

By now you must be coming to grips with the fact that you've given away a lot of your control and power. You like your world neat—cups where you can find them, weather predictable. But from the way Pluto is creeping forward in your seventh house (relationships), it doesn't look as if you can return to the safe world of knitting and *TV Guide* for a long time.

GEMINI
May 21–June 21

It looks as if a good attitude is half the battle after all, because you seem to be climbing out of that hole of worry you've been secretly living in. Having made it through your birthday helped, but now, fiscally speaking, you should be gaining more control with Jupiter entering Cancer at month's end. Healthwise, with Pluto moving forward in your sixth house, the secret is to start treating your body like a temple and not a drive-in movie.

Note: Dates of astrological signs may vary according to your time and year of birth. Check with your astrologer. ♥

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TRAVEL

City on the verge of a nervous breakdown? ALAN JOLIS crashes the all-night party that is the new Madrid

Madrileños à la mode

Master mixer: Chicote's Don Antonio

Gran Café de Gijón

The dawn patrol

Tops for tapas: Los Gabrieles

Cibeles street theater

Major hangout: Plaza Mayor

New-wave triptych in Old Madrid

A rare moment of calm before the frenzy of Madrid's all-night fiesta

Deco classic: El Museo Chicote

Local color: barbershop

Atop the Torre de Madrid

IT IS NOT THE CABARET DECADENCE OF BERLIN IN THE twenties, nor the artsy ferment of Paris in the fifties, nor the acid-rock craziness of Greenwich Village in the sixties, but at times Madrid's fiesta nightlife suggests all three of these. Franco is dead, and something *is* happening here—Madrileños are happy and free and dancing until all hours, spending their monthly paychecks right down to the last peseta. And unlike Mardi Gras in New Orleans or Carnival in Rio, this citywide event goes on every night of the year. All night long.

When I was last here fifteen years ago, Madrid was a quintessentially Spanish city, full of morality and scruples, enviously looking to other European capitals for gaiety and fun. Now I am revisiting the town to see how Madrid has made up for lost time. Have sex, drugs, and rock and roll destroyed its small-town charms? Is it true that in trying to catch up with the rest of Europe, Madrid has taken the lead?

My first stop is El Circulo de Bellas Artes. Still a dusty old art school, it has recently opened its ▶ 122

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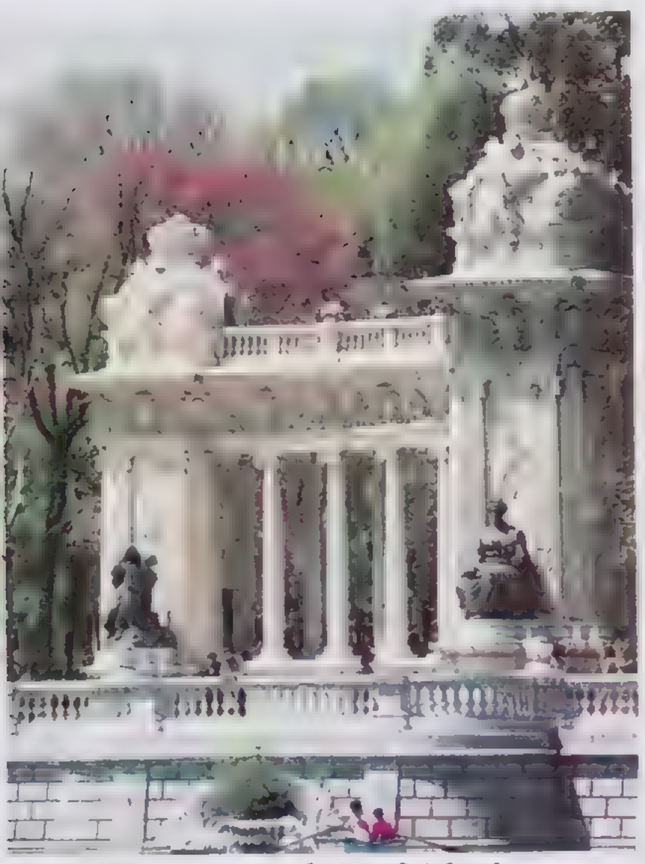
vaulted Art Deco café to nonmembers. It is a quiet spot, "much loved by the arts and literary intelligentsia," explains Luis Lopez Valeiras, one of the city's top disc jockeys. At thirty-eight, Luis—a tall, handsome bachelor with a Groucho mustache—knows and is known by everybody. He is the ideal guide to Madrid by night, and soon he introduces me to the art of tapas-hopping.

"This is the height of *coutre*," Luis explains, as we enter a working-class bar where he orders pigs' ears in sauce. *Coutre* (pronounced "coo-tray") is a slang expression that implies more than vulgar or rundown; it means a vulgarity that is charming, a sort of glorified ugliness. Unlike kitsch or camp, *coutre* is not overdone or baroque but provocative by virtue of its ordinary shabbiness. Which is why, in Madrid today, the tradition of eating tapas in dingy bars is suddenly chic.

The art is to go from bar to bar, ordering only the specialty of the house, and then to move on: from the fried shrimp at Los Gabrieles to the fried sweetbreads at Los Alemánes, to El Maison del Pobre for pigs' ears, to El Abuelo for squid, to Museo de Jamón, where the ham is so good the aroma alone feeds you. As for alcohol, you must be very careful, because the really *coutre* bars serve only rotgut sherry.



Monumental Madrid: the "neo-ugly" charm of Retiro Park

The king of *coutre* is filmmaker Pedro Almodóvar. Thirty-eight, ex-pornographer, ex-cartoonist, ex-telephone company employee, Almodóvar until recently appeared in drag and a beehive hairdo in a rock duo called Almodóvar & McNamara. Everywhere you go, people talk about him, have breakfast with him, or have a daughter, nephew, or cousin who hangs out with him.

Almodóvar's early films were wild, absurd, and shocking, always going beyond what convention would accept. But his *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*, nominated for a 1989 Oscar, was a lighthearted, glossy comedy. "It was safe and aimed at the U.S. market," says Victor de la Serna, a social commentator who worries that Almodóvar may be selling out to Hollywood.

In the bars where waitresses and patrons know Almodóvar and have worked with or for him, no one can imagine Pedro ever forsaking his provocative style. Juan Manuel Roy, a painter who can only afford red-light-district rents, explains proudly: "Almodóvar has taken who we are and what we live here every day and has put it on the screen. He is one of us."

It is midnight and we are in a hole-in-the-wall dive called Nairobi. Here, Rossy de Palma (the actress who falls asleep in *Women on the Verge*) is an owner as well as unofficial PR director. Eva Apellaniz, a model and clothes designer, explains: "Almodóvar's freedom and craziness, that is Madrid."

The nightlife of Madrid is all the more frantic because Madrileños rarely stay in one bar or disco for more than one drink. So it is a road show, preferably choreographed with taxis, but often with the participants squeezed into friends' tiny cars. Why all the moving? "Because," says Luis, who struts through the city as if it were his recording studio and glides through his radio station as if he were in a bathrobe at home, "Madrid never stops, it is our fiesta."

A popular meeting place for friends around 1:00 A.M. is the fashionable Art Deco bar El Museo Chicote. Chicote opened its doors in 1931 and has catered to Ernest Hemingway, Ava Gardner, Frank Sinatra, the bullfighter Dominguin, and Aristotle Onassis. During the Franco era, it was the hangout of government ministers, with a passageway to a back room where high-class prostitutes flocked. Today, the back room is a separate bar known as Cock.

Chicote's senior bartender is the legendary Don Antonio Romero García. A ramrod-straight, gray-haired gentleman in a gray flannel jacket and black tie, he started working here in 1940 at the age of thirteen. Here you don't order, you tell Don Antonio your mood. You say: "I'm depressed," or "I want to party," and he makes a drink to suit you. How does he compare today's brat-pack clientele to Franco's heavies? "They change politics like I change shirts, but, my friend, I tell you, they are the same. They are the children and grandchildren of my clients back in 1940."

After the sane and soft tones of Chicote, and Don Antonio's calming influence, we are off again into the fray. The night quickly becomes a whirlwind of crowded streets, *champagnerías*, cafés—an anarchic, liberating turmoil of eating, drinking, and joke telling.

What have we here? A magic show in a disco? Hmmm, interesting. Walk to the bar next door... Ye gad, it's performance art from Berlin. Quick, out ...give me some air. Now it's live jazz...OK, thanks, I feel better. And what kind of place is this? Rick's, a heavy-metal gay disco...but I'm not gay. So what? Come on, don't be so American. Stay, watch, see. Now the rock and roll has segued into flamenco, and two waitresses get up and dance to the applause of the leather-jacketed crowd. And on it goes, the life-affirming mishmash of the Madrid night washes over you like a flood.

Madrid is not a pickup scene. No yuppies in singles' bars trying to score a one-night stand. Madrileños are too warm and noble for that. Walk alone into any watering hole and within five minutes you will have friends buying you drinks and offering to escort you around town. What also makes the city different is the schedule it keeps. Not only the young, smart set but also the middle class, the noble class, the no class stay up much of the night. Manuel Treviño Marcano, an international businessman, told me that on a typical weeknight he works until 9:30 P.M., picks up an out-of-town ▶124

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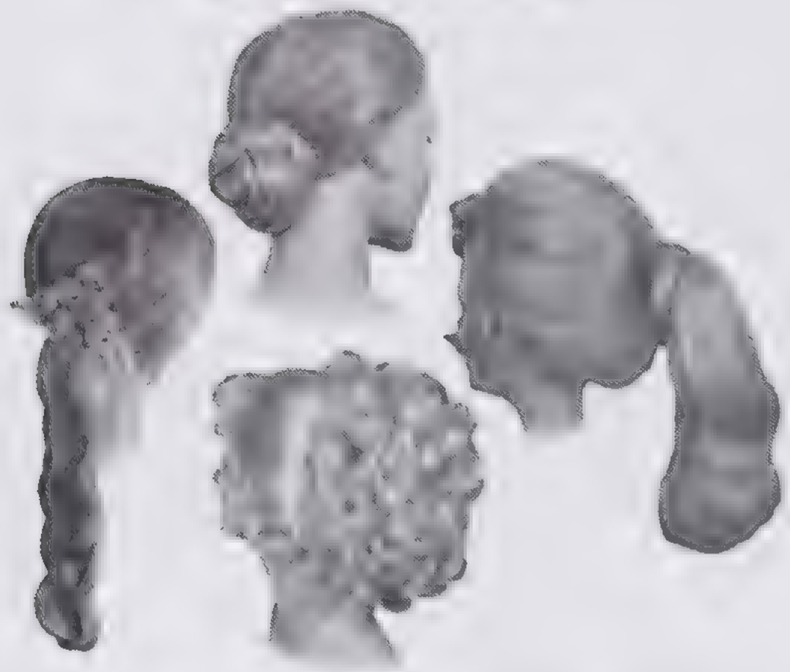

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guest at 10:30, takes him to a restaurant and for drinks, drops him off at 2:30 A.M., and is in bed at 3:00, only to wake up at 7:15 to be back in his office by 8:15. "It is a different lifestyle than you have in New York," concedes Mr. Marcano, "and you have to be tough to survive it."

"The Spanish have always spent a lot of money on food and drink," says Angeles Gonzalez Diaz, a Madrileño literary agent. "That is why so few read books in this country. The bars are always full!" Others lament the current depressed state of Madrid's theater for the same reason. But Eva Apellaniz, the model/fashion designer, asks, "Why go to the theater when you have the best theater of the absurd right here in the streets?"

OK, OK, so few Madrileños can name a book they have read or a play they have seen lately. They party hard, but they also work hard. Spain has the highest economic growth rate of any European country today. "We are very proud of what we have done here," says Juan Manuel Roy, my painter friend. "Success is coming to us thirty years after it reached France. We never had the Marshall Plan; we are doing this ourselves."

Still, for all Madrid's growth, development, and booming real estate, the city retains its neo-ugly charm. Consider much of its baroque turn-of-the-century architecture. The central post office is a huge white elephant with rococo towers and belfries. The same goes for the Bank of Spain building and the statue of Alfonso XII in Retiro Park. Pompous, ornate, overwrought, the statue is one inch away from the ridiculous, but it fits the spirit of *coutre*. It is no surprise that Almodóvar chose to show buildings like these—kitsch enough to be beloved and co-opted by the new subculture—from the terrace set of his *Women on the Verge*.

Why go to the theater when you have the best theater of the absurd right here in the streets?

For Academy Awards night, Luis invites me to be a guest on an all-night talk show on Radio Popular. Under a wall motto that reads, "Truth will make you free," I offer some negative comments about Oscar glitz, which earn me a polite invitation to the booth where soccer scores are pouring in from across the country.

That same night, five days into the madness of my visit, Luis abandons us. Is this...can it be...burnout time for my guide? Are Madrileños human after all? "Oh, no," Eva explains. "Luis may be tired, but if he had five hundred pesetas in his pocket, he would go out with us. No, it is the end of the month; he is simply broke." So there is a tenuous link to reality here after all. Lack of funds can slow the rhythm. At least until payday.

We drive to Archy, the city's best disco. It is 2:00 A.M., and the Castellana, the broad avenue that divides the city, has a mile-long traffic jam. "This is nothing," Eva observes. "In summer, you can get traffic jams at five in the morning." Then we head for Pachá, a dark, ostentatious disco with ruinous prices, where Franco's grandchildren hang out. At 4:00 A.M. we fight for a parking spot and end up triple-parking. By now my friends are grunting—troglodyte talk, they call it. I expect trog-talk not to go over big in Pachá, but no one seems to mind. This confirms what Eva says: "In Madrid, there is everything except shame."

At 5:30 A.M., in a disco called Kitsch, we bump into one of

Almodóvar's actors. Ambite, a leather-jacketed punk rocker and biker, looks as if he has not changed clothes since he drove the motorcycle in the chase scene in *Women on the Verge*. Suddenly, the awards ceremony appears via satellite on a giant screen, and no one—not Ambite, not Juan Manuel, not any of the dancers—is watching it! The Oscar for best foreign film, which everyone in Spain has been talking about for months, is awarded, and no one sees Almodóvar lose! Ambite's "Who cares?" reaction is typical: Almodóvar's followers have never sought social validation. They will love him all the more for losing.

When I get back to the Palace Hotel, I forget to hang the Do Not Disturb sign outside my door, and the next afternoon the maid enters unannounced. She is very excited: "Now, señor, do not get me wrong. I like Almodóvar, but his movies are much too strange for me. I am too old, but my daughters like him."

A second maid comes in, this one with a vacuum cleaner: "Yes, but why must Almodóvar show such ugly, crazy women? What will Americans think of us?" The first one answers: "Rosa, the ugly ones have to have success, too. The world is not only for the glamorous." "OK," answers Rosa, "but why pay to see ugly people when I work with them all day?"

Now room service enters with my lunch. The room is filling with the working-class heros that make all the partying possible. It could be one of Almodóvar's own out-of-kilter routines.

"Who has time to go to films?" says the waiter. "When I get home after work, I can barely take my shirt off and get into bed."

The first maid has finished dusting, and she leaves laughing: "Señor, you take a siesta. That was a good tradition. I don't know why we ever lost it." ◆

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4:00–6:00 P.M. **Circulo de Bellas Artes**, *42 Calle Alcala; tel. 531-8507*. Art Deco bar/meeting place.
6:00–7:30 P.M. Nap—to prepare for the long night ahead.
7:30–10:00 P.M. Tapas-bar-hopping in Old Madrid.
10:00 P.M. Dinner at **Viridiana**, *23 Calle Fundadores; tel. 246-9040*. Named for the 1961 Buñuel film prohibited by Franco, this in spot has one Michelin star. Or: **El Mentidero de la Villa**, *6 Calle Santo Tomé; tel. 419-5506*—French/Japanese cuisine... **El Cenador del Prado**, *4 Calle Prado; tel. 429-1549*—elegant, high-profile dining.
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1:30–4:00 A.M. Discos/nightclubs: **Archy**, *11 Marqués de Riscal*... **Pachá**, *11 Barceló*... **Rick's**, *26 Calle Infantas*... **Imposible**, *3 Travesía del Conde Duque*.
4:00–6:00 A.M. After-hours clubs: **Voltereta**, *3 Calle Princesa*... **Kitsch**, *26 Calle Galileo*... **Aire**, *8 Calle Bermúdez*... **El Sol**, *3 Calle Jardines*.
6:00–7:00 A.M. Breakfast at any bar open for workers and taxi drivers. Have hot chocolate and *churros* (Spanish beignets).
7:00 A.M.–1:00 P.M. Stroll **Retiro Park**...or sleep.

Alan Jolis *is an American novelist living in Paris.* **TRAVEL ▶ 126**

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TRAVEL NEWS

By Richard Alleman

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Japan, then: 19th-century print

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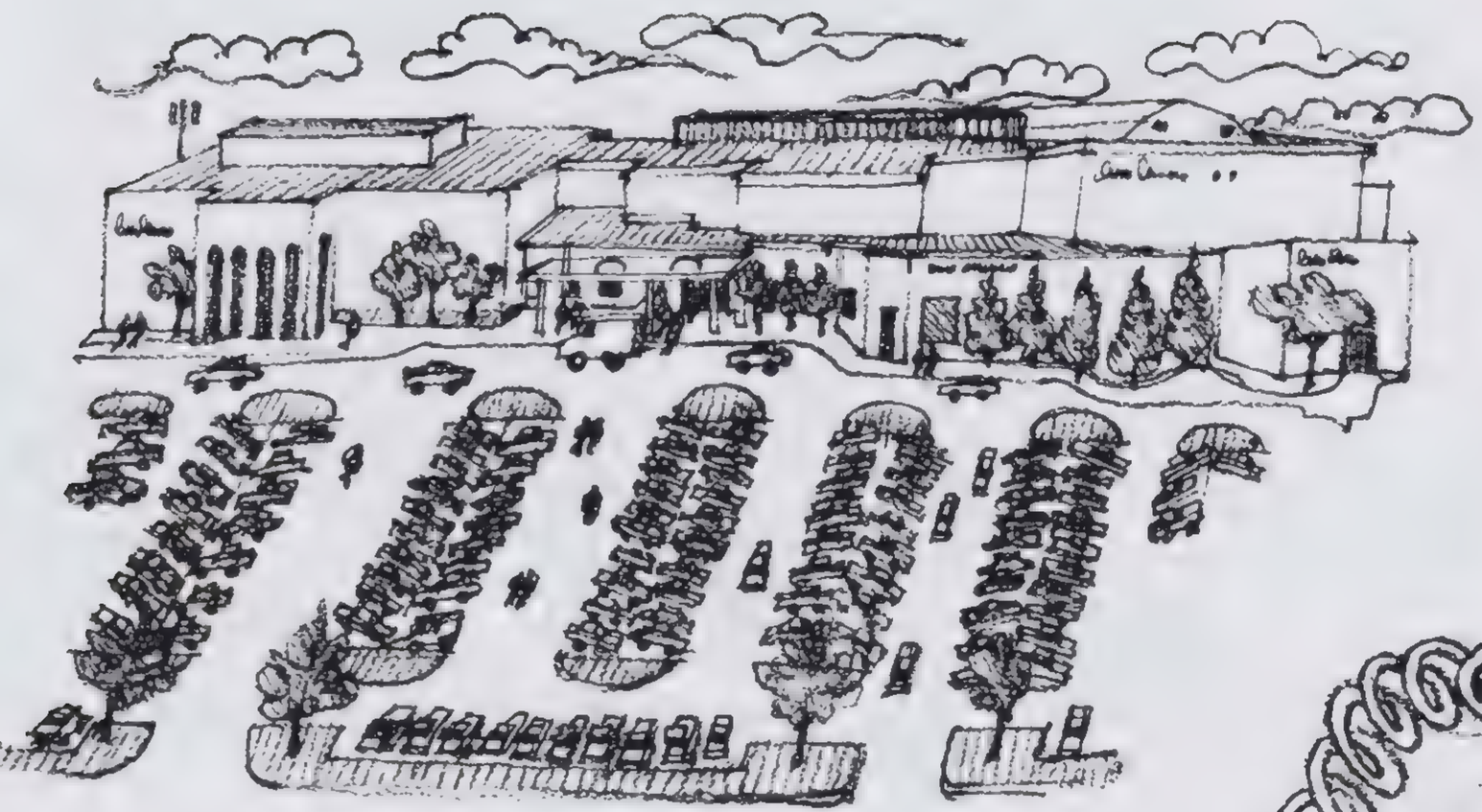

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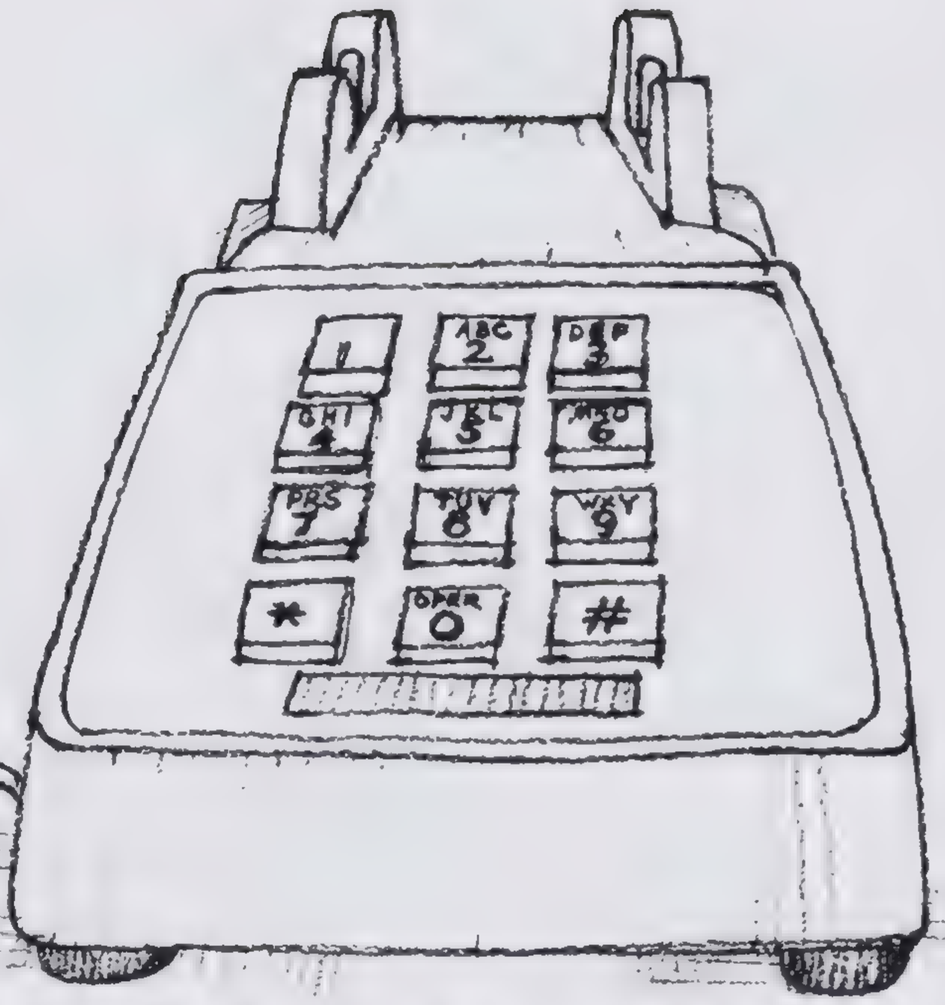

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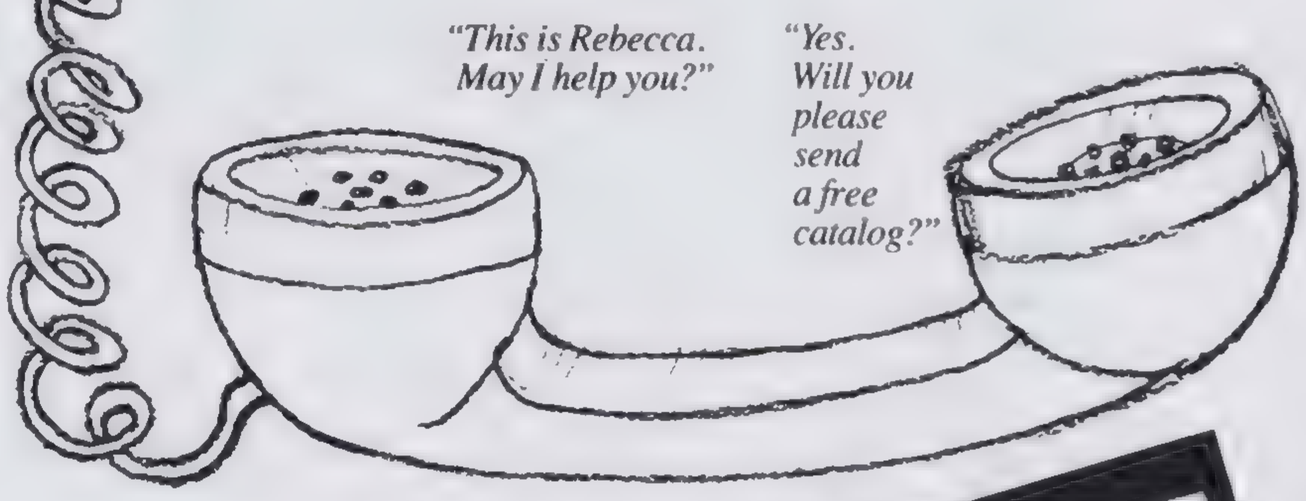

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An example of summer's simplest cooking, Moroccan eggplant with cilantro sauce, from *Cooking with Herbs*

IN THIS HIGH HOUSEGUEST SEASON, LEGIONS OF THE summer homeless must confront the perennial problem of what to bring their gracious hosts. Short of several cases of a fine Meursault, the best bet is herbs—huge pots of fragrant basil or thyme, wreaths of sage, topiaries of rosemary to break off for the lamb. For more lasting charm, give any of the latest books on the subject.

The Bantam Library of Culinary Arts is an attractive collection of four miniature hardcovers: *Salad Herbs; Spices: Roots and Fruits; Sweet Flavorings;* and *Teas and Tisanes*. Written by Jill Norman, each volume provides the history of the ingredients along with artfully arranged photographs and related folklore. The recipes in *Salad Herbs* highlight the most appealing kind of summer cooking: peppery herb salads; tangy cold soups; and herb butters for grilled fish, chicken, meat, or vegetables.

Abbie Zabar's delightfully illustrated *The Potted Herb* (Stewart Tabori & Chang) also includes recipes, from the whimsical lavender swizzle sticks and rose geranium jelly, to the more savory herb burgers with rosemary and thyme, and sage potato crepes. Zabar tells which herbs respond best to pot culture and how to grow topiaries, as well as how to make nosegays, wreaths, sachets, even herb-scented ink and herbal ice cubes. Emelie Tolley and Chris Mead have followed their successful coffee-table book *Herbs* with the equally beautiful *Cooking with Herbs*, due soon from Clarkson N. Potter. Recipes from different regions of the world include a rather exotic catfish with basil and lemon thyme from the American South, and a more familiar *soupe au pistou* from Provence.

Wolfgang Puck leads the next wave of California cuisine.

Wolfgang Puck, FAR RIGHT, with chefs Anne and David Gingrass

NOW THAT CALIFORNIA CUISINE HAS BECOME AS GENERIC AS THE HAMburger, the movement's founding generation of chefs has begun the next wave. Jeremiah Tower, owner of San Francisco's famed Stars and an early force at Chez Panisse, has just opened Speedo 690, where the food is a mixture of Caribbean, Southeast Asian, Indian, and Moroccan. Bradley Ogden, formerly of Campton Place, updates his repertoire of American Classics with such dishes as roast suckling pig with arugula potato salad at the new Lark Creek Inn, just north of San Francisco. Fog City Diner's Cindy Pawlcyn reinvents the hunting lodge at the new Roti, which is California-French and features a huge rotisserie.

Amid all this activity, L.A.'s Austrian wunderkind, Wolfgang Puck, has come up the coast to give the natives a run for their money. Puck's star-studded Spago and Chinois on Main, his cookbooks, even his line of frozen pizzas have made him one of the best-known ambassadors of California cooking. Now he and Anne and David Gingrass, protégés from Spago, have opened Postrio (545 Post Street, 415/776-7825), a breathtaking space marked by an open kitchen and works by Rauschenberg and Sam Francis. Ask for his signature pizzas (not on the menu), especially the one with goat cheese, basil, and barely sautéed shrimp. A superlative Chinese roast duck is in a salad with five greens at lunch, with spicy mango sauce at dinner. Local ingredients are deliciously exploited: Dungeness crab is served with a spicy curried risotto; sand dabs (the West Coast version of sole) are grilled with an olive and sun-dried tomato vinaigrette. And don't miss Barbara Ury's desserts, particularly the ginger-spiked crème brûlée and the warm berry summer pie.

Top: CHRIS MEAD; bottom, MARKO LAVRISHA

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LIVING

Where John Barrymore once hid from fans, PAUL RUDNICK has found the actor's ghost—and medieval inspiration

1. The author sits on his Austrian "throne," from Newel Art Galleries, New York City. 2. The castle is an elaborate humidor and includes a "cigar guillotine." 3. An 18th-century French tapestry of St. George slaying the dragon above a neo-Gothic desk. In the bronze frame is a picture of Barrymore.

ABOUT A YEAR AGO, LIKE EVERY DECENT human being I was looking for an apartment. An ad in *The New York Times* announced that a "medieval duplex" was available. Just what was medieval about the place, I pondered—the plumbing? Were there iron maidens in the stairwell? Was there a working dungeon? I investigated and discovered what had once been the splendidly atmospheric Greenwich Village retreat of John Barrymore, The Great Profile himself, a legendary Hamlet and the grandfather of *E.T.*'s Drew. I learned its history by consulting the address's superlative landlord, Winston Kulock, and Gene Fowler's Barrymore biography, *Good Night, Sweet Prince*.

The apartment occupies the top floor of a brownstone owned in Barrymore's time by Mrs. Juliette S. Nicholls, a wealthy widow who had purchased the building as an investment. Mrs. Nicholls had balked at Barrymore's tenancy because of the actor's reputation as a maiden-seducing rakehell, an Olympian drunkard, and a feckless spendthrift (nowadays, Barrymore undoubtedly would be diagnosed as suffering from chronic Inability to Commit, alcoholism, and stress-related mood swings). Barrymore allayed Mrs. Nicholls's fears with a series of charmingly well-mannered notes, all signed "Top Floor."

Barrymore moved in circa 1917, at age thirty-five. He was already a Broadway matinee idol, prompting ingenue swoons in such boulevard froth as *Peter Ibbetson* and *The Fortune Hunter*. Barrymore's lightweight success had begun to frustrate him, however; his brother, Lionel, and sister, Ethel, were famed as tragedians. Barrymore vowed to change his roguish, insubstantial bent; the Top Floor became his laboratory, his Betty Ford clinic, the monastic aerie from which his future greatness would hatch.

Barrymore redid the unused attic as a downtown castle, in a mode best termed Theatrical Gothic or Belasco Baronial. He installed rustic oak beams, a window seat

MICHAEL MUNDY

4. The skylight, beams, and niche in the living room were added by Barrymore. The lamp portrays one of the Three Musketeers. 5. In the bedroom, an antique Dutch cabinet from Peter Spielhagen, New York City, next to modern necessities. 6. A French bench is covered with a tapestry fragment. The pictures are turn-of-the-century English embroidery.

overlooking Washington Square, leaded Venetian glass, rough-hewn doors, and niches everywhere, one sheltering a carved Madonna. The walls were gilded and hand-smudged with smoke from altar candles. Barrymore dubbed the apartment The Alchemist's Corner, loading it with bronze pheasants, bargelike leather couches, a shawl-draped grand piano, and a narrow bed that "implies celibacy for a change," he declared.

Barrymore built a winding stairway to the roof with a rope banister on the left-hand side, "for metaphysical reasons." The roof became his personal Eden: trellises bloomed beside a flagstone path and a fountain, and industrious beehives guarded the massive skylight (I'm certain most modern leases—thankfully—prohibit on-site beekeeping). Thirty-five tons of topsoil were bagged and hoisted skyward, and grapevines, wisteria, and eight-foot cedars were planted. Barrymore had a roof house created; he hid the carpenter's rules and levels, commanding the fellow to construct the tiny room on instinct, "crooked or off-center, like a Nuremberg poet's home. Just guess your way along, as we all do about most things."

He declared this room "Manhattan's first penthouse." He would speed home after a performance, burn his unopened mail, both bills and mash notes, donate to local hospitals the flowers and gifts that choked Mrs. Nicholls's hallways, and climb to his roof. He would sit blissfully amid his cedars and bees, surveying a lower Manhattan that reminded him of "Paris in the twelfth century." Barrymore called The ▶ 132

MICHAEL MUNDY

LIVING

1. The lion's head and stone rose are architectural fragments. The photographs are by Jerry Eaderesto. 2. The door and lantern remain from Barrymore's years. The embroidered chair is Victorian. 3. The couch is one of many thrift-shop finds. The bronze figure represents Galileo; the pedestal is Arts and Crafts.

Alchemist's Corner "a home, the last one really I was ever to know." He departed a few years later to pursue Shakespeare, wedlock to poetess Michael Strange (the second of Barrymore's four marriages, which he referred to as "bus accidents"), and ambivalent Hollywood glory in *Grand Hotel* and *Twentieth Century*. I especially admire Barrymore's torching his mail, but this was all pre–Con Ed and AT&T.

What remains of The Alchemist's Corner? Barrymore's rooftop fantasy vanished decades ago, leaking and eventually collapsing into the rooms below, which required extensive structural repairs. The roof is now decked, but the roof house is superbly intact, along with the neo-Parisian vista, which now embraces the mammoth twin Pez dispensers of the World Trade Center. Inside, the gilding is gone, but the whimsical Gothic detailing persists—I'm a sucker for a window seat. I can loll for hours, pretending to read Browning while critiquing the tourists and drug deals in the street below. The curving stair is in place, and the niches; I'm never quite sure just what to display in these, as carved Madonnas don't jibe with my bar mitzvah Polaroids.

I'm from New Jersey; like most émigrés, I had thoroughly imagined Manhattan years before taking up residence. I had always dreamt of the Village, of sunny Patchin Place garrets and beatnik beret-and-goatee coffeehouses, of a musical-comedy bohemia fraught with midnight poetry readings and interracial lesbian couples in crocheted ponchos. Living in The Alchemist's Corner has satisfied my most ardent adolescent daydreams, my visions of Eugene O'Neill and Italian bakeries, exotica conjured during algebra classes or *I Dream of Jeannie* reruns. With all due respect to *Jeannie*'s Barbara Eden and Larry Hagman, Barrymore is a far more compelling myth.

I now believe in destiny. During my first years in Manhattan, I acquired far too many ornately carved desks and flea-market thrones, Tudor blanket chests, and Jacobean pedestals, gargoyle-y items that my mother refers to as "the Pope's furniture." My previous apartments have resembled crowded stage sets for summer-stock productions of Agatha Christie whodunits. My furniture at last makes sense in The Alchemist's Corner; Conran's or even Neoclassical would lack the required Elsinore gusto. When I first mentioned the apartment to my agent, she silenced me and described the premises herself, in uncanny detail; she had enjoyed a brief fling in The Alchemist's Corner in the 1950s, with Barrymore's son-in-law, no less. I call it karma, of the most appropriately sinful variety. Everyone asks, have I met the ghost? And I always wonder, should I play coy, should I murmur "not yet," and propose a Ouija board session? No, I'm afraid I must be brutally honest. Have I spoken with Barrymore? I live in The Alchemist's Corner—of course I have. ▼

MICHAEL MUNDY

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POINT OF VIEW

the most impact for fall...

The buyers cried at Yves Saint Laurent. The models wept backstage at Isaac Mizrahi. Audiences on both sides of the Atlantic rose and gave Romeo Gigli and Geoffrey Beene roaring ovations. And when **the collections** were over, both buyers and the press were sighing with relief. In contrast to last fall, when it seemed that designers had stumbled into a cavern of conservatism and were unable to produce anything more inspiring than a sensible black suit, **this season is filled with real dressing ideas,** exuberant flashes of color, dashes of glitz. The reason for the rebound, everyone agrees, is that designers finally stopped trying to imitate Lacroix or Chanel and started doing what they do best. . . . Though silhouettes don't change much, fabrics do—drastically. For day, conventional tweeds are brightened with **kaleidoscopic shots of color;** traditional checks grow huge, dramatic. Leopard, summer's head-to-toe fantasy print, resurfaces in a more restrained manner; what looks best: **a single hit of animal spots**—on a collar, a coat lining, a handbag, shoe, or cuff. And judging from the range of lavish evening fabrics, designers are predicting the demise of the couch potato. A torrential downpour of **bugle beads and sequins** drenches everything in sight. Paisley swirls, giant-size, up and down wrapped "bathrobe" dresses; gold and silver brocade and thick satin give off rich reflected light. Even stockings are set afire: Geoffrey Beene's are so sparked with light that he has dubbed them "liquid legs". . . . **Accessories**—wide gauntlets, socks, crocodile belts—add texture, color, pattern to the simplest daytime clothes; the most ornate renditions—in velvet, brilliant suede—push daytime dressing right into evening. Dangling earrings, inspired by those in Romeo Gigli's show, drop to a new low—caressing the shoulders and drawing attention to the new neater head, **the shorter bobbed haircut.** Scarves are beaded and quilted; hips are wrapped with jingling chains of bronze. The most far-reaching change: the perfect proportion brought on by flat slippers or short boots—which look right with the season's skinny pants, leggings, or tights. . . . **The one piece to own: a satin parka** (sometimes sable-trimmed), which replaces the common suit jacket or evening coat. Taffeta, suede, and glossy sateen bring a sense of luxury to form-follows-function items such as backpacks, jodhpurs, and fishing jackets. . . . Gray becomes the new black; camel moves into focus with a new sense of chic. And **legs, glorious legs,** peek out from under everything. Sometimes stretch-velvet bodysuits, unitards, ribbed tights, or leggings even replace the short skirt.

fall signals new

Fall takes a new approach
place of bland overcoats,
coats with swing, or city
color-flecked in tweed

The sporty attitude of the American collections is exemplified this year by a wide-ranging spirit that [illegible] PAGE Isaac Mizrahi's camel hair coat, about $1,980. Bergdorf Goodman; Linda Dresner, Bloomfield Hills, Mich. Fleece Michael Kors [illegible] $1,985. Bergdorf Goodman; [illegible] Mancuso for Oribe at [illegible]hute; makeup, Marie-Josee [illegible]ine for Trish McEvoy. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor:
[illegible]arlyne Cerf de Dudzeele
Photographer:
[illegible]atrick Demarchelier

day

to day dressing: in there are full-cut parkas. Even the suit is or quilted with swirls

warm colors

Designers move on from the predictable black and navy to warm fall colors —loden green, berry red. Suit tailoring softens up, too: curvy seams follow the line of the body, slit skirts free the leg. And proportions are rethought: the classic jacket is lengthened, the skirt shortened

The suit loosens up when worn over a sweater instead of a blouse. OPPOSITE PAGE: Oscar de la Renta's version. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Jacobson's. Wool and cashmere mock turtleneck by Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co., about $360. Bonwit Teller, NYC. THIS PAGE: Geoffrey Beene's wool suit, taffeta and chenille scarf. Bergdorf Goodman; Kaufmann's; Younkers, Omaha. Details, more stores, last pages.

quilted coats

Coats that meet the demands of the city—or the country—borrow from the rugged outdoor parka. Quilting dresses up a sleek urban jacket. Pale chartreuse brings so much chic to a country parka that it replaces the traditional blazer

Charlotte Neuville reinvents the quilted coat—in a swingy shape. OPPOSITE PAGE: Coat, about $550. Sweater [illegible] $485) and wool skirt

full cuts

One of the important coat shapes is the trapeze—wide, swingy from the neck to the knees. An alternative, short, boxy styles in supple fabrics that move easily

coat checks

When Paris designers make up their minds to put checks in the fashion spotlight, they present every possible variation, from big and bold to tiny and timid. Checks are used solo—or even mixed with stripes and plaids

Example of this season's wide and narrow silhouette. THIS PAGE: A three-quarter coat tossed over snug leggings. Coat by Ungaro Parallele. Emanuel Ungaro, NYC; Garfinckels; I. Magnin. Leggings by Corinne Cobson. OPPOSITE PAGE: Seen on the runways—and on the streets of Paris—tights worn in place of [illegible]. Here, an elongated [illegible] (about $1,[illegible]) and [illegible] (about [illegible]) by Karl Lagerfeld. Jacket, leggings at Bergdorf Goodman; Panache, Millburn NJ. Jacket at Saks Jandel. On lips: Elizabeth Arden's Luxury Lip Sheer in Gentleberry. These six pages: hair, James Bradshaw for Jean Louis David; makeup, Laura Mercier for Trish McEvoy. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor:
Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele
Photographer:
Wayne Maser

tweeds

Call them unconventional: this season's new suits are made up in surprisingly colored and textured tweeds and are paired with prints. The accessories—bright gloves and stockings, and elaborate jewelry worn in quantity—create an unusual contrast

[illegible] Lacroix [illegible] even a tweed suit a [illegible]. THIS PAGE: His jacket has a fringed collar, the skirt flares above the knee, and the [illegible] both made up in a [illegible] spiked fabric. All by Christian Lacroix Couture. Wool-blend suit, about $1,400; silk-blend blouse, about $600. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY. [illegible]. Yves Saint Laurent's jacket and skirt paired with his playful jewelry. All by Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Wool jacket, about $1,030; wool skirt, about $495. Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Washington DC. The rich up colors—Golden Bronze #4 by Yves Saint Laurent. Details, more stores, last pages.

fur trim

Fur and fur-patterned fabric add their own kind of punctuation to collars, cuffs, and even linings. Animal-print accessories continue the theme

fall signals

The formula for night: spectacular fabrics. The roll call: sequins and fringe, satin, woven metallics. Beneath it all—the bodysuit, solid or highly patterned like a tattoo. It may slip on under skirts and leggings; sometimes it even replaces them. On top, more often than not: a parka.

NIGHTLI

In celebration of the body, OPPOSITE PAGE: Issey Miyake's full-length bodysuit, about $630. Issey Miyake Boutique, NYC; Romanoff Boutique, Coconut Grove FL; Maxfield, Los Angeles. THIS PAGE: The evening parka—in sable-trimmed silk satin by Isaac Mizrahi for Revillon. Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, Chicago, Dallas. Adding shine to hair: Sorbie's Polisher. These twelve pages: hair, Suga for Suga salon, NYC; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Grace Coddington
Photographer: Penn

FE

flowers

One of the main ways of getting at decoration for night: flowers—beaded, embroidered, or sequined. It's an idea that took off first in bright colors for spring; now designs are etched in antique gold or bronze

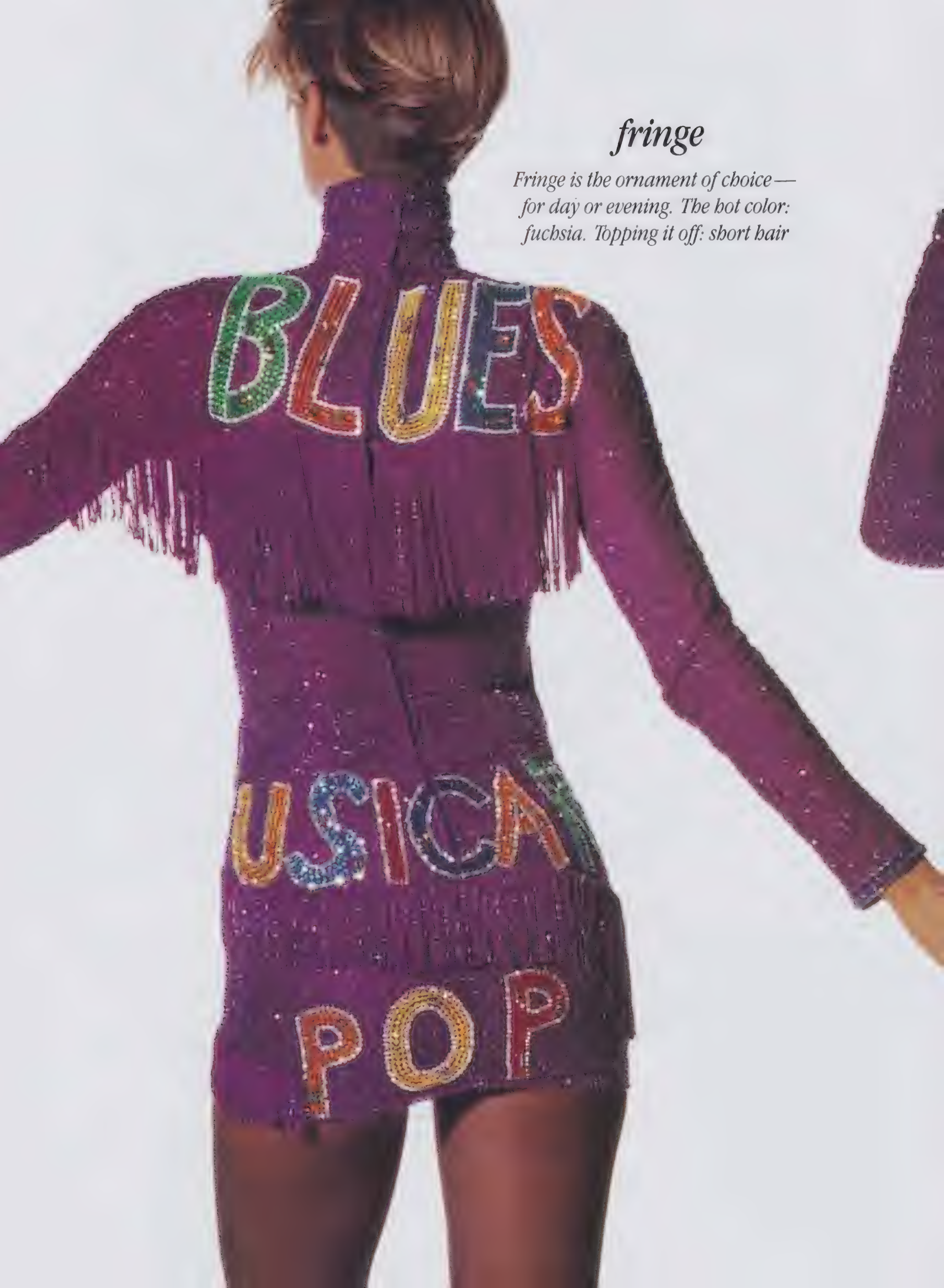
sequins

The short, sequined dress is a favorite of designers for fall. Printed with oriental motifs or left absolutely plain, it shimmied down runways on both sides of the Atlantic

Rarely has ready-to-wear been this opulent. OPPOSITE PAGE: Oscar de la Renta's flowery silk lamé dress and black velvet bolero. Elizabeth Arden The Red Door Salon; Montaldo's. Earrings and necklace, Jay Feinberg for Oscar de la Renta. THIS PAGE: An Asian dragon fronts a sliver of a dress. By Krizia. Krizia, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Chicago. Details, more stores, last pages.

fringe

Fringe is the ornament of choice — for day or evening. The hot color: fuchsia. Topping it off: short hair



A dress with musical inclinations, seen here from the front and back: Gianni Versace's beaded silk georgette. Gianni Versace Boutiques, NYC, Bal Harbour FL, Beverly Hills. Details, last pages.

paisley

Paisley turns up in bigger, bolder prints on velvet boots, on evening jackets. It's one of the most popular patterns in the collections

quilting

Quilting is no longer just the cornerstone of L.L. Bean looks; in fine lightweight versions and in sumptuous fabrics, it becomes formal enough for black tie

Reminiscent of the dandyish style of George Sand, OPPOSITE PAGE: Giorgio Armani's silk jacket and blouse. Giorgio Armani Boutiques, NYC, Chicago, Beverly Hills. The foundation: Christian Dior's Teint Poudre #619. THIS PAGE: Valentino's refined quilting—in black silk with rhinestone buttons. Valentino Boutiques, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Beverly Hills. Details, more stores, last pages.

From top to toe, designers pick unconventional prints. THIS PAGE: Animal-patterned pump by Manolo Blahnik, about $450. Barneys New York; Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. Stockings by Calvin Klein Hosiery. OPPOSITE PAGE: Blouse in plaid silk taffeta, jeans in Russian broadtail lamb. Blouse by Isaac Mizrahi, about $850. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton; Marshall Field's. Jeans by Isaac Mizrahi for Revillon. Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, Chicago, Beverly Hills. Details, more stores, last pages.

tartans

In classic colors and elegant fabrics, tartans cross the line between casual and chic. They go way beyond their naive schoolgirl image when they appear in racy shapes—plunging blouses, strapless gowns

animals

The perfect dose of animal spots: a single shot—as in a muff, a wide cuff, a handbag, or pumps with a small, low heel. Animal spots add decoration to a clean-lined evening dress

Everything gets dipped in bronzy gold this season. THIS PAGE: Donna Karan's silk dressing gown. Donna Karan New York. Bergdorf Goodman. OPPOSITE PAGE: The newest look for legs—ornamented with gold. Hosiery by Caroline Lewkovitz, about $30. La Rue des Rêves, NYC; L'Animale, Englewood NJ. Pumps by Geoffrey Beene for Diego Della Valle, about $205. Geoffrey Beene's silver dotted tulle and taffeta dress. Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner, Boston; Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach FL. Details, more stores, last pages.

shine

Even the simplest little black dress has ornamentation: beads, sequins, embroidery. New stockings make legs look liquid—like columns of molten gold or antique silver

dressing gowns

The dressing-gown shape turns up for evening in everything from jackets to dresses. Dripping in gold, it takes on an exotic character

fall signals

legs

*—revealed by slits and short skirts, defined by leggings, decorated with patterned tights—are the focus for fall. **Susan Orlean** takes the news in stride*

Like hundreds of millions of Americans, I palpitated every time Florence Griffith Joyner went to the starting block at the Seoul Olympics. There was just something about the fluidity of her movements, her elastic grace, her quick-twitch musculature, and her fingernails that got me going. The day the Olympics ended, I even flirted with the concept of jogging regularly and let my flirtation carry me recklessly to the track in Central Park that afternoon. I could hardly see my way around all the other weak-kneed Flo-Jo acolytes who had also just rediscovered their legs.

It didn't end there. I'm not saying that Griffith Joyner is the invisible hand behind Patrick Kelly's leopard-print bodysuit worn with nothing but black fishnet stockings. Nor do I hold her singularly responsible for Givenchy's slit-to-the-hip sequined evening skirt. I would be among the first to suggest that Jean Paul Gaultier might have come up with his diamond-patterned leggings all on his own. But there is something other than a diamond pattern in all this. The Body Part of the Year is in here, and it looks an awful lot like two of Ms. Griffith Joyner's own.

Naturally, I don't mean breasts. At this point, breasts are big enough. Any bigger and they'd represent a genuine health problem. Breasts, literally and figuratively, have been done. No, it looks like this is going to be the year of the drumstick. After years in hiding, the gam is back. And if a certain someone with a rather well-toned pair of them hadn't appeared on millions of television screens around the universe wearing something as fetching as a second-skin lace bodysuit that highlighted the magnificence of the items themselves, I doubt that we'd be about to plunge into the season of the leg.

I should admit here that I have never been particularly confident about my own legs. The first and last time I tried on a pair of short-shorts was in 1969 at a short-shorts boutique called My Darling Daughter in Cleveland, Ohio. This happened to be smack in the era of Twiggy and her pair of twiglets. The prevailing look was 100 percent Big Baby: huge ingenue eyes, pale mouth, slight waiflike body, endless and shapeless childlike legs. Every piece of clothing was designed to show the leg at as great a length as possible. At the time, I was still a sprite, but I was already sprouting the beginnings of unwaiflike thighs which, when stuffed into the short-shorts in question, provoked in the salesgirl a sort of uh-oh expression that rocketed me into a lifetime of wearing long pants even in Saharan conditions. Lucky for me, legs disappeared for the next few decades under granny gowns and ankle-length riding skirts.

Am I annoyed to be back in a leg-mad world after managing to avoid the issue for the last twenty years or so?

To be honest, I happen to think the leg thing has its good points. First of all, consider the leg-breast dichotomy. Historically, one or the other has always been at the forefront of mass attention and, consequently, fashion fixation. One could argue that breasts are largely decorative, whereas legs are regularly useful. Maybe this is my utilitarian streak at work, but I'd rather have mass attention focused on something I can hook onto a Nautilus machine than something I can only improve surgically. I'd *rather* have Griffith Joyner for a role model than Mamie Van Doren. Anyway, good breasts are, finally, just good-looking. Good legs are actually good at *doing* something, like running after a cab.

Downside: men always have better legs than women. Even fat men have good legs. I hate that.

On a happier note: I spent this past year in mortal dread of the resurrection of Big Pants. It looks like this season's leg worship will be taking the form of the form of the leg, with tights and leggings and decorative hose and, in some cases, tops and no bottoms except stockings. This likely means that Big Pants are history. And in that case, showing off my salami-shaped legs is worth it: I would sooner go naked than bell-bottomed.

The happiest pro-leg development in modern times: thick black tights. Have you ever noticed how even the chunkiest haunch looks at least passable in a pair of black cotton tights? This is a miracle on the order of seeing Jesus in a taco. In the upcoming season, bare legs will be around and black cotton tights will remain omnipresent, but it looks like the leg of the moment will be tightly bound in fabric so interesting and distracting—tartan plaids, velvet, chenille, gold lace—that it would take a rocket scientist to notice that your calf doesn't indent all that much where it attaches to your knee. And that, leg owners, is good.

Florence, here's to you and yours. ▼

Isaac Mizrahi

Chanel

Donna Karan New York

Adrienne Vittadini

Chanel

Adrienne Vittadini

Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis

Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis

Karl Lagerfeld

Patrick Kelly

Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis

Christian Lacroix "Luxe"

in step

Sylvie Guillem has the technique, the grace, and the beauty to become the greatest ballerina of her generation. She also has the legs

In Paris, they call Sylvie Guillem *la coqueluche* (the darling of the moment), and connoisseurs compare her legs with Josephine Baker's and Zizi Jeanmaire's. But passing her in the street, you might mistake her for just another Left Bank student—her priceless feet encased in training shoes, her red hair bobbed, her face lightly freckled, friendly, and liable to collapse into an irrepressible giggle. She has a gamine willfulness and energy and a reputation for wanting and getting her own way; she looks like the sort of fun that could turn into trouble. Put her into a leotard, however, and you begin to see what the fuss is about.

Guillem has no rivals. "How can you compete with a body like hers?" moans one of her colleagues. "She has the perfect physique for a dancer. When someone has God-given gifts like that, it's ridiculous to be jealous. The rest of us just aren't in the same league." But it's not just for her physical perfection that this twenty-four-year-old Parisian is being acclaimed as the greatest classical ballerina of the last quarter century; she is also a forceful interpreter, with a profound musicality, a flawless technique, and an insatiable intelligence—qualities that leave every major choreographer standing in line for a chance to work on the vast field of possibilities her dancing presents.

In February, she joined Britain's Royal Ballet as its principal guest artist with the intention of making London the base of her international freelance career. The French press has described her defection from Rudolf Nureyev's Paris Opéra Ballet, the company that trained and nurtured her, as "a national catastrophe." But Guillem wanted freedom. "The Paris Opéra Ballet is too inward-looking," she says, "too much hierarchy, too many rules. I can't be tied down; I want to be able to dance anywhere I'm offered a challenge." Despite the language barrier, she is currently looking forward to learning the leading role in Kenneth MacMillan's new three-act ballet, *The Prince of the Pagodas*, which opens at Covent Garden early this winter.

Guillem's early training was as a gymnast (a child prodigy, she was once shortlisted for the French Olympic team), and she only began to study ballet at the relatively late age of eleven, when she entered the legendary Paris Opéra Ballet school and turned an already phenomenal flexibility to the demands of another relentless physical discipline. "But I never found any of it difficult," she claims, "only a bit of a bore." Having stormed into the company itself by the age of sixteen, she was awarded the supreme rank of étoile three years later—an honorary title she will hold, according to tradition, until she is forty years old.

Despite her hunger for variety and novelty, she stands behind her belief that a grounding in the classics is the surest foundation for a dancer venturing into contemporary works and insists that one of the reasons she has allied herself with the Royal Ballet is that "it preserves the great traditions." How soon she will be able—or want—to return to Paris as a guest is still a delicate question, but Nureyev promises that "the doors are open."

Her repertory spans everything from *Swan Lake* and *Giselle* to the Postmodern creations of Lucinda Childs and William Forsythe. "I have no idols, no heroes," Guillem insists. "What I do, I do my own way." Modulating her style and idiom—from grand flamboyance to intricate angularity—apparently presents no problem: her legs seem to revolve on a 360-degree axis; her back is like rubber; her energy, bottomless. Nevertheless, so much virtuosity has left some critics cold. "I think she still has a lot to learn about emotions," says dancer and choreographer Derek Deane. "She's a very skilled actress, but sometimes it's all too calculated, too much the dazzling circus act. She is exciting rather than moving."

But like her or not, Sylvie Guillem remains unparalleled. With the ballet world at her supremely elegant feet, she is the great original of our time. And audiences gaspingly agree that once you've seen her, dance never looks quite the same again. —**RUPERT CHRISTIANSON**

A short cut creates the right proportion for clothing's new long, leggy lines. Here, ballet diva Sylvie Guillem in her latest bob. "Sylvie wanted a change of image—away from the ballerina with the little chignon," says her coiffeur, Guillaume at Mod's Hair, Paris. Another long, lean line: Azzedine Alaïa's wool knit bodysuit (about $710), to wear with pull-on leggings. Barneys New York; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles. In this story: hair and makeup, Marc Schaeffer. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Jenny Capitain **Photographer: Gilles Tapie**

leg work

Shown as ribbed tights under short coats, in futuristic jumpsuits, as the most decorated skintight lace pants, leggings are a new alternative to a short skirt, day or night

Katharine Hamnett's jumpsuit, OPPOSITE PAGE, appears in an unusual stretch velour (about $330) that layers over a scoop-neck bodysuit (about $235). Barneys New York; Alan Bilzerian, Boston; Maxfield, Los Angeles. THIS PAGE: The tartan goes way beyond the kilt—Issey Miyake gives it stretch. Leggings, about $285. Jacket (about $1,130) and scarf (about $400) also by Issey Miyake. Outfit at Issey Miyake Boutique, NYC; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Scarf at Dayton. Details, more stores, last pages.

goldstocking

Popular in the sixties, metallic stockings take on a modern look in lacy, gold-dipped patterns. Worn under a skirt or instead of one, these ornate tights replace the ubiquitous black Lycra stockings

rich finishes

Accessories come highly decorated: necklaces are beaded, piled one on top of the other. Hips get full attention—belted, draped, even swathed with gold-shot fabric

Rifat Ozbek's wrap-and-tie belt treatment. OPPOSITE PAGE. By Ozbek, about $785. Bergdorf Goodman; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Romanoff Boutique, Coconut Grove FL. Shirts, pants by Isaia NYC. THIS PAGE. Bead necklace by Arthur Koby, about $1,400. Accessoires, NYC. Mesh chain collar by Jay Feinberg, about $275. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Swansons on the Plaza, Kansas City MO; Ballin's, New Orleans. Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis sweater. On lips: City Rose Perfect Lipstick by Estée Lauder. Makeup, Sonia Kashuk. In this story: hair, Mitch Barry. Details, more stores, last pages

Fashion Editor: Polly Mellen
Photographer: François Halard

scarves

Scarves are major players in fall's accessories script. They're lavishly decorated with fringe, embroidery, appliqué

earrings

Jewelry reaches exaggerated proportions. Credit Romeo Gigli for the inspiration. be premiered over the shoulder earrings To balance that silhouette change— bob cropped in a short new length

An accessory built on a big, bold scale. OPPOSITE PAGE: A chandelier earring of bronze filigree beads strung on chains. By Jay Feinberg, about $105. Bonwit Teller, NYC; Martha, Palm Beach FL; Neiman Marcus. Makeup, Jo Strettel. THIS PAGE: Romeo Gigli's romantic vision—a silk velvet scarf covered with beads, roses, and tasseled at each end. The contrast to this ornamentation: a pin-striped suit. Scarf at Bergdorf Goodman; Shauna Stein, Los Angeles. Details, more stores, last pages.

A flat-soled lace-up boot with caviar-grain texture on the outside, gold leather lining on the inside. By Walter Steiger, about $275. Walter Steiger, NYC; Sarah's, Pensacola FL; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Sevruga caviar from Petrossian Retail Shop, NYC.

low boots

The short, nearly flat-heeled boot was a favorite on the runway, shown with leggings and short coats. More news: richer colors and textured surfaces.

texture

If they're not fur-trimmed, the latest boots are made of crocodile, suede, or velvet. The new shapes: sixties, Beatles

OPPOSITE PAGE: The bob draws attention to eyes. Heightening the effect: L'Oréal's Couleur Shadow in Terre Peach on lids; Le Grand Kohl liner in Onyx. Makeup, Jo Strettel. THIS PAGE, TOP LEFT: Sixties-style "Beatle" boots—in red crocodile. By Robert Clergerie, about $250. Barneys New York; Marshall Field's; Ecru, Los Angeles. Fleur-de-lis stockings by Hue Legwear. Antique chair from Niall Smith, NYC. TOP RIGHT: A suede boot has the fur trim that's become a theme for fall coats. By Armando Pollini, about $245. S'Agaro, Chicago; Fred Segal, Melrose CA. Wool tights by Fogal of Switzerland. BOTTOM LEFT: Belt by Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Suede gloves by Andrea Pfister, about $180. Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. BOTTOM RIGHT: Iridescent silk taffeta tartan scarf by Frances Patiky Stein, about $225. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Silk taffeta striped scarf by Aude Bronson Howard Design Associates, about $1,500. Bergdorf Goodman. Makeup, Jo Strettel. Details, more stores, last pages.

detail

Nothing is without embellishment: a belt takes on a moon-shaped buckle, a scarf comes in iridescent plaid

fall spectacular rich finishes

bobcut

The bob—more feminine than before, with layers for fullness and longer bangs—reigns on runways

slippers

To go with the lean look of narrow leggings or pants: delicate flat-heeled slippers and decorative stockings

gauntlets

Playing off the spare styles in this season's collections: gloves made up in a rainbow of brilliant colors and embellished with spectacular decoration

Arabian Nights–style slippers to wear at night—or even during the day. Satin slip-ons in red or green by Emma Hope. Each pair, about $225. Barneys New York; Alan Bilzerian, Boston; Bob Ellis, Charleston SC. Pants by Ozbek. Stockings by Leggiadro.

Purple—in all shades—is a dominant fall color. The example here: a suede glove with a gauntlet of cut and stitched lace over taffeta, lined with colored leather. By Isabel Canovas, about $675. Isabel Canovas, NYC. Turtleneck, Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis. Makeup, Sonia Kashuk. Details, more stores, last pages.

playing

In *Great Balls of Fire*, a new movie biography, Dennis Quaid vividly captures the flamboyant, tormented spirit of Jerry Lee Lewis. He talks to Nick Tosches about his toughest role

BRUCE WEBER

the killer

Graphic Design: Deborah Howell for Clowder

High on a winding, secluded street in the Lake Hollywood hills, in an unpretentious white stone house nestled amid trees and nuzzled by sunshine and birdsong and shadowy breezes, Dennis Quaid sits and smokes and gently smiles. Though sitting and smoking always came naturally, once upon a time there wasn't much to smile about. As a kid in Houston, Quaid hardly dated. No one in high school seemed to notice him; and, for a long spell, the world at large didn't take any notice, either. While Randy, his brother, became a movie star in *The Last Detail*, Dennis worked as a clown at AstroWorld and as a singing waiter at a dinner theater.

But things have changed. At barely thirty-five, the minimum-wage clown has become a millionaire; the kid whom nobody noticed and who couldn't get a date is now famous throughout the popcorn-eating world, and he's got himself a pretty, young movie-star girlfriend—his pick, Meg Ryan—right upstairs.

Quaid is an unusual sort of celebrity, one who doesn't seem to invest playacting in makeup with undue importance. Like this house, which he bought a couple of years ago and hasn't gotten around to fully furnishing with the Art Deco junk he seems to favor, he makes a show of neither the fortune nor the fame, affects neither grandeur nor humility. His grandfather was a Baptist preacher, his father was an electrician, he is a movie star, and this is America, where such things happen. Smoke good, fame good, fortune good.

He has been at this now since 1978, when he debuted in a flop by James Bridges called *9/30/55*, about—this is what happens when Hollywood deep-thinks—the effect of James Dean's death on a group of Arkansas college kids. It paid better, at least, than waddling around AstroWorld in funny britches and a plum nose. By 1983, when he played astronaut Gordo Cooper in *The Right Stuff*, Quaid was on his way to becoming one of the great new draws of the decade. Women loved him, men liked him, and critics praised him.

Now, after twenty-two pictures—six of them in the last two years alone: a whirlwind of box-office winners (*Innerspace*, *Suspect*, and *The Big Easy*) as well as losers (*D.O.A.* and *Everybody's All-American*)—Quaid wants to relax awhile. "It's tough playin' the Killer," he says, referring to his role as Jerry Lee Lewis in his latest film, *Great Balls of Fire*, the one that knocked the wind out of him, the one that many people feel will be one of the standouts of his career.

He goes to the gleaming black Yamaha piano in the living room and breaks into "That Lucky Old Sun," playing it the way—well, almost—Jerry Lee plays it; singing it the way—well, almost—Jerry Lee sings it. His hair, where it has not grown out or been cut, is still golden blond, the way Jerry Lee's once was. He's a fine Jerry Lee, as far as make-believe goes; but there's only one Killer, and for sure, Quaid is glad he's not it. Because while there's a world of piano players who likely would cut a deal with the devil for a handful of Jerry Lee's unique brilliance, there's probably not one who would pay the price of living Jerry Lee's life in exchange.

Born in Ferriday, Louisiana, in 1935, Jerry Lee, like Jimmy Swaggart, the now-disgraced cousin with whom he was raised, found himself torn between the wrathful God of the Pentecostals and the seductions of Satan. As a boy, Jerry Lee preached, stole, dropped out of grade school, went to Bible school, got thrown out of Bible school, alternated the hymns of salvation with the boogie-woogie of damnation. Swaggart gave himself—or so it seemed—to God; Jerry Lee—or so it seemed—to the other. He went in 1956 to Memphis, to Sun Records, where Elvis had started, and, months later, his record "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" tore open the firmament of rock and roll. "Great Balls of Fire" followed fast. He became rock and roll's dark spirit, the devil to Elvis's angel, as wicked and threatening as the hellfire his cousin preached.

By then Jerry Lee had been married twice—once, at sixteen, to a local girl named Dorothy; again, without divorcing Dorothy, at eighteen, to a Natchez girl named Jane. In December 1957, five months before his divorce from Jane, he married his thirteen-year-old third cousin, Myra Gale Brown of Memphis, whose daddy, JW (he had no Christian name, just those letters), played bass in the band. In the spring of 1958, at the start of a British tour, his marriage to Myra stirred a scandal that drove Jerry Lee from England and followed him home. What had begun in a sudden blaze ended in a sudden blaze. Having risen and fallen in two years' wild time, he was reduced to playing honky-tonks for a fistful of dollars. As if he had been damned for denying the Holy Ghost and embracing Satan, his life slowly became a hell whose punishing flames he himself stoked. The son Myra bore him drowned in their Memphis pool on Easter 1962. (The son he had with Jane would also die tragically, in 1973, in a Jeep that Jerry Lee had given him.) He became addicted to drugs and liquor. He was arrested repeatedly—for drunk driving, for dope, for waving a pistol outside Graceland. Myra divorced him,

Left: BOB MARSHAK/Visions; *right:* Pictorial Parade.

Quaid and Winona Ryder, LEFT, portray Jerry Lee Lewis and Myra Gale Brown, ABOVE; she was his third wife, his third cousin, and thirteen years old when they married.

claiming "every type of physical and mental abuse imaginable." He shot one of his musicians in the chest. His property was seized by the IRS. He remarried, again and again. One wife ended up dead in a pool, another dead in bed. He rose again as a country singer, then fell even further. He was written off for dead in a hospital, only to howl again, to rant of God and Satan, and to rock on in darkness. Quaid is probably right: it must be tough playing the Killer. But *being* the Killer? The fate is far less lucrative than the role and, among other things, far more damaging to the hair.

Producer Adam Fields, who's now thirty-three, had wanted to make a movie about Jerry Lee for some years. When Myra Gale's book, *Great Balls of Fire*, came out in 1982—by then Myra was living a new life in Georgia—Fields optioned it. Since Myra was a central character in the story of Jerry Lee's life, her cooperation would be essential, and this was the way to get it. "I thought to myself," Fields says, "you can't do Jerry's story without 'Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On' and 'Great Balls of Fire.' So—and I don't think anybody had ever done this before—I took an option for exclusive synchronization rights to those two songs, relating to a Jerry Lee Lewis biography. That way no one could muscle me out. Either it would be my movie or no movie."

Finding Curlee Williams, who wrote "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On," was a difficult task. Fields heard that Williams had pulled a gun at Chappell Music, a knife at the Harry Fox Agency; only an aunt in Kentucky knew how to reach him, by leaving messages at various New York City bars. But eventually Fields succeeded and announced he was making the movie. That brought Jerry Lee to the bargaining table.

Mickey Rourke and Sean Penn had been early choices to play the Killer. "They offered it to me, and I just jumped at it," Quaid recalls. Orion brought in director Jim McBride, who had made *The Big Easy*, and he and Jack Baran wrote a script that centered on the fairy-tale part of the saga, 1956–58, the glorious ascent and sensational fall. Quaid had started playing piano a year before. He had another year to prepare for the role. His Baptist background was of little help in evoking the sense of Pentecostal torment at the heart of Jerry Lee's story. "Jerry feels sorry for Baptists," Quaid laughs. "They're goin' to hell." So he turned to the source. The two spent time together.

"He was opposed to the movie, opposed to the script," Quaid says. "The day we started shooting, it was just me and him in my trailer. I said, 'Jerry, look, I'd be nervous if somebody was doin' my life story, too. All I can say is, if I can get close to your heart, then I feel like I've done my job.' He brightened up on that. Actually said a prayer; ended up prayin' together. I really came to love him."

Reports of Jerry Lee causing mayhem on the set, Quaid insists, were simply untrue. In the end, the Killer made a gift to Quaid of the ID bracelet he'd bought after recording "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On." "I played him really as a nine-year-old boy who fell in love with music," Quaid says, "which he still is. Jerry said it was the greatest time of his life—every dream come true that he could imagine."

Nevertheless, what is most memorable about Quaid's performance, where the movie comes most alive, is its underlying sense of darkness—a darkness not quite upon the young Jerry Lee but gathering like storm clouds in the distance. "The hellfires twinkle in his eyes," the script instructs, and Quaid, who knows so little of that damning fire, twinkles well. To be sure, liberties with reality were taken. Quaid's favorite scene, where Jerry Lee sets a piano aflame onstage to spite Chuck Berry, is one that until recently the Killer denied ever happened. (Adam Fields believes it didn't happen, Quaid believes it did, and Chuck Berry doesn't recall.) But then again, Hollywood and truth are twain that rarely meet.

All involved think the movie will revive the career of Jerry Lee, who filed for personal bankruptcy during production, claiming to be more than $3 million in debt. Fields declined to be exact, but says Jerry Lee was paid "a couple hundred grand" for his cooperation, plus a cut of the action. He'll also profit from the PolyGram soundtrack, his first new album in five years. "He went in there," Quaid says of Lewis, "and he bettered his original versions. We were gonna split it up: he'd do five songs, I'd do five songs. But he did such a great job, I wanted him to do all of it."

Early on, McBride says, "Jerry was very hard to deal with, and he was very paranoid. He hated Myra, said she was a slut and a whore and every word that came out of her mouth was a lie. He wrote 'Lies! Lies! Lies!' all over the script. And maybe he was right, I don't know." But he came around. "He's seen some of the dailies," Quaid says, "and he's really crazy about it." And, tired as Dennis Quaid may be, his eyes brighten when he recalls the Killer's verdict, the only review of *Great Balls of Fire* that really matters: "Nobody else coulda done it but you." ◆

LOST YOUTH

There are an estimated 750,000 homeless children in America. Robert Coles listens to those waiting for their childhoods to begin

For many years I have worked with boys and girls who are extremely vulnerable by dint of the life they inherited at birth: migrant farm children, for example, whose parents are always on the move as they harvest crops, or Appalachian children, who live up in the hollows of eastern Kentucky or West Virginia. For such families each day can be a struggle. Often the minimum amenities of life are lacking—indoor plumbing, sometimes even electricity. Food can be scarce, and a sick child often sees no doctor. Still, such people at least have some kind of shelter—the inadequate housing provided by a particular grower, the cabins one sees up in the Appalachian hills or on the Indian reservations across the central states and the Far West.

About ten years ago I began working abroad to learn how children grow up in Latin America and Africa. In lovely Rio de Janeiro, I talked with children who came from well-to-do families, and with those who lived in the city's slums, called favelas. Often the children of privilege saw firsthand how their impoverished agemates lived—many with no homes at all lived in alleys, making do as best they could by begging or running errands. I still remember a comment made by the twelve-year-old son of a wealthy Rio businessman. The youth had been watching children his age hustle tourists on Copacabana; the day before he had seen them huddled near a store's side entrance, staking out a place to sleep that night. We had been talking about his future, his aspirations and values (I was investigating the way children in a variety of countries acquire their moral and political beliefs), when he suddenly decided to depart from the format we had established—my questions, his brief responses. Instead, pointing toward the street, he said, "It is not right that those kids live like that. I told my dad that something should be done. He said yes, but he didn't know what. He promised to talk to one of his friends. He promised to do what he could for all those people who live on the streets. And I told him to tell his friend that he should help me, and help my brother and sister, and our cousins—because we're the ones who will have this terrible problem to solve when we grow up if something doesn't happen between now and then."

STEPHEN SHAMES/Visions

When cut loose from a particular place, children are not only literally homeless, but also psychologically set adrift

Two years ago I began talking with homeless families in Massachusetts. This winter, while meeting with a number of such families again, I have been reminded of my work in Brazil and of the thoughtful alarm of that well-to-do Brazilian boy. I have also recalled a question put to me by that boy after he had peered down at the homeless from a spacious penthouse overlooking the Atlantic: "Are there any people like that back in the United States?" I quickly answered, "No—or very few." Back then—this was in 1981—my answer was correct.

But now, in late February, on my way to talk with two homeless children living with their mother in a shelter a few blocks from Harvard Square, in Cambridge, I read this in *The New York Times*: "A Department of Education report issued last week put the number of homeless children of school age in the United States at 220,000. The report said 65,000 of these children, or about 30 percent, did not attend school regularly. Last year the National Coalition for the Homeless estimated there were 500,000 to 750,000 homeless children of school age and that 57 percent of them did not attend school regularly. The National Academy of Sciences has said that segment of the nation's homeless population that are children is growing faster than any other segment."

I clip the article that contains that paragraph, file it. I go and sit with a mother, her ten-year-old son, her seven-year-old daughter. She is a white woman of Irish Catholic background. Her husband has been sick with a chronic, disabling disease; he is in a city hospital. She used to have a job in a supermarket, the evening shift; that way, she was home in the morning to send her kids to school, and home in the afternoon when they returned. As a matter of pride, she had fought to stay off welfare. Six months earlier, however, *she* had become sick and was rushed to the hospital for surgery. A friend took care of the children. The mother came "home" to the friend's house and gave up her apartment. "It was expensive, and I wasn't working," she explains. "And my friend really pitched in. She helped me with the recuperation."

But the friend had her own troubles, and when the woman was well enough she started looking for a job and an apartment for her family. She found the former but not the latter. Then: "Her husband came back and he wanted us *out*, pronto. He gets violent when he drinks. He'd have beaten us up—the way he does my friend. We had to leave, but we had no place to go. I looked and looked for an apartment, but I didn't have the money. I had no savings. I was just getting on my feet. I was desperate—we'd be living on the street unless something happened. The real estate people told me I'd never find what I needed unless someone gave me the money for a month's rent in advance. Even then, the rents are so high now, I can't make the money to pay them—and feed my kids, and get them clothes."

I hear similar stories over a period of days as I get to know others like her: a decent, hardworking American woman who, with her husband, has been the victim of bad luck, but who is trying to make ends meet, hoping to keep a family together, and who now has ended up, with her children, in a "temporary shelter," hoping against hope that one day soon a social worker will find a suitable home for them.

For years I have been asking children to draw or paint pictures—to depict themselves, their parents and teachers, their friends, their homes or schools, a favorite neighborhood scene. Often children are shy at first about portraying themselves, or anyone they know. They prefer more neutral subjects: if they live in small towns or rural areas, they draw the sky, the grass and flowers, trees, a river; if they live in cities, they draw an apartment house, a store, a park, a car. Over time, the children will draw themselves, will show me, courtesy of crayons or paints, how they think they look, or want to look, or will someday look. ("Here I am, grown up," one boy of eight told me years ago as he presented me with a picture of a man wearing a dark suit that was meant to resemble the kind his lawyer father wore to work.)

Now that I am working with homeless children, I am interested in what they, too, will tell me through their pictures. I get to know the son of the woman I have mentioned. We sit and talk. We play some games. I ask him to draw or paint—anything he'd like to represent. He is a bright, pleasant, accessible child. He draws a picture of his sister; he draws another one of his mother. In both instances the eyes are tiny, the ears lacking, the mouth a mere line, the bodies quite small. There is no sky, no sun. (Children often supply both.) There is no ground beneath the small feet of the mother or the almost indecipherable feet of the sister (bumps at the bottom of her thin legs). These are people suspended in air.

A week later I ask the lad if he would draw his school, or the home where he used to live. He thinks the matter over, declines. He decides to draw a baseball bat instead. Later, he draws a football. I ask him if he has either; he does not. I ask him about his toys. I know he has a Lego set, given to him years ago by his father. The set is "back there," at the home of his mother's friend. He worries about its fate: "It might be thrown out or stolen." He thinks some of his clothes might be back there also. But he will not let himself feel self-pity, so he tells me in his own forceful manner, "My dad is in the hospital, and that's sad. I'm not sick, so I'm all right, and it could be a lot worse, my mom says."

I begin to realize after some weeks that this boy, and several other children caught in similar circumstances, are loath to do for me what hundreds of children have done over the years in various parts of America: draw a picture of their home. An eleven-year-old girl—black, the daughter of a mother on welfare, a father killed in an automobile accident—responds to my suggestion that she draw a picture of her old house, with a reminder to me that she now lives in "the hotel," and tells me she doesn't want to draw that building. "Besides," she remarks, "it's not anyone's home, it's where you stay if you don't have a home." Then she changes her mind. She tells me the old and dilapidated motel, packed with homeless children and their parents, *is* a "home" after all. She looks at me, waiting for me to ask her to explain herself. I do. A thin, fleeting smile: "Rats live there."

This exchange has taken place in a school. The child is nobody's fool. She is an intelligent and perceptive girl who feels about as vulnerable as any American child I have come to know in thirty years as a pediatrician and child psychiatrist. This is a sixth-grader who has moved repeatedly and now lives with her two sisters, her brother, and her mother in a motel room—"a temporary arrangement," she says, using a phrase she has learned to know well. "Some day, we might get a place to live, where we can stay put," she tells me, her eyes fastening on mine. She then explains the virtues of staying put: "You're not wandering anymore. You can unpack, and discover where all you own is—the stuff you've been carrying around. You can be yourself, and not someone waiting for the time to pass until you have your own place."

In a quiet and brief exchange I have been educated yet again by a child who possessed her own kind of melancholy eloquence. *You can be yourself*—a girl telling a doctor that an important part of what she is, what all of us are, has to do with our living quarters, our apartments or houses. We define ourselves by the country in which we live, by the state, the city or town, the neighborhood, even the street we call our own. Even in our dreams, we conjure up our homes, our neighborhoods. I remember Anna Freud, the founder of child psychoanalysis, emphasizing one day as I talked with her about some children I'd been working with: "When a child dreams about his or her house, and tells you about what's inside, pay especially careful attention." She elaborated, explaining to me in her intense and detailed manner what the black girl was trying to let me know—that our sense of ourselves has to do with the people, the places, the things in our lives. When children are cut loose from a particular place, when there is no reliable continuity in their lives, because they have no rooms even to regard as regularly theirs, then they are not only literally homeless, they are also psychologically adrift—transients or wanderers in their minds.

One mother living in a temporary shelter for homeless families told me that her five-year-old daughter had twice asked her: "How many times will we have to move until we stop?" The mother had no reply. The girl then told her mother, "Only when we find a home can we catch our breath and be like everybody else." The commonsense poignancy, simplicity, and directness of such a remark ought not distract us from its psychologically penetrating subtlety. A homeless child told her mother that she not only lacked a sense of place, or residence, she also, as a consequence, felt utterly at loose ends and different—estranged from her fellow human beings. This sense of radical uprootedness, lodged in a child's mind, and put into words, is dubious inheritance indeed for any American child to carry into the next century. No wonder, as I talk with such children, my mind goes back to Brazil, to that moment I had with a compassionate child of wealthy parents who had the sense to see that his own fate was ultimately connected to that of many others, including the homeless children of his native Rio de Janeiro. So it goes with us in America, too: our country's growing number of homeless children will soon become our country's hurt and downcast citizens. Much of the self-respect (the basis of all learning) that those homeless boys and girls might have begun to acquire will be lost amid days, weeks, months of uncertainty and fear—a time when in important respects they did not feel human, because they lacked a most basic right: a place that one calls home.

To get to know the children he works with, Dr. Coles routinely asks them to draw pictures of themselves, their things, their homes. In the above drawings by homeless children, observes Coles, the people are suspended in air.

Brice Marden stands in front of a work in progress. OPPOSITE: *Pumpkin Plumb*, 1970, 1973, one of the seductive oil and wax panel paintings of dense, saturated color that first brought him attention.

making his mark

Brice Marden, who brought color, weight, and sensuality to the Minimalist seventies, has now reinvigorated abstract painting with an expressive linear language all his own, says **John Yau**

BRIGITTE LACOMBE

COURTESY MARY BOONE GALLERY

It is a bright, blowsy spring day, the windows are open, the traffic is backed up outside on the Bowery, and the sweet, melancholic, full-bodied voice of Margo Timmins, lead singer of the Cowboy Junkies, floats softly through Brice Marden's plain fourth-floor walk-up loft. A table holds orderly rows of volutes and other seashells, a couch and the windowsills are piled with books on art and poetry. A black-and-white reproduction of a classical Chinese ink painting hangs on one wall. In the spartan work area there is little more than a drawing table, filing cabinets, and a ladderlike structure on wheels. Four vertical paintings are equally spaced along one wall, while a large horizontal one takes up most of another.

Timmins is singing Lou Reed's "Sweet Jane," hard yet gentle. If Lou Reed is the songwriter who best sums up the harsh and disturbing contradictions of living in New York City, then Brice Marden is the New York painter who best embodies the increasingly embattled notion that making art is a high-minded practice. He is the keeper of the flame, a role he has quietly upheld since he first gained attention in the late 1960s, at a time when painting was being declared "dead" by many, and that he has continued to maintain steadfastly throughout the Conceptually dominated early seventies, the New Image years of the late seventies, and all the isms that have dominated our attention during the eighties. Marden has consistently made it clear that he believes in abstract art's particular ability to be expressive, which is very different from believing that abstract art is the only thing one should do. What is moving about his belief is that he has continually been able to renew the ideals of abstraction as a living, breathing possibility. He has made it capable of declaring personal statements and particular passions.

But Brice Marden's newest paintings are going to come as a surprise to many. Highly regarded for his use of color since the late sixties, when his monochromatic panels, their tactile surfaces made of oil and wax, first gained attention, he has just finished paintings that are no longer tactile and have almost no color. In fact, the provocative color and dank, fleshlike surfaces have been replaced by arid white surfaces on which Marden has drawn dark and murky webs. Marden the seductive colorist has become Marden the lyric draftsman. It is a change that forces critics and historians to expand their view of the artist's accomplishment.

After all, for nearly two decades Marden had rigorously separated drawing and painting into two separate and distinct activities. He had used ailanthus twigs and ink to draw wispy webs and sumptuous linear structures, and he had used brushes and palette knives to apply layer after smoothed layer of color, but never the twain did meet. Or so it seemed. In 1987, however, at his first show at the Mary Boone Gallery, it became clear that he had changed his thinking substantially and irrevocably.

In that exhibition, drawing and painting mingled, like old friends who have kept no secrets from each other. The glowing arid surfaces of the paintings were scrubbed, swabbed, and scratched. In contrast to the sensuous physicality of his early work, Marden's new paintings evoked deep, vaporous spaces. More important, he had started drawing in paint. The compositions consisted of overlapping linear webs that alluded to both man-made structures and natural formations, to Chinese calligraphy and DNA helices. The colors were moody yet subdued, ranging from cadmium red to deep midnight blue.

Now, some two years after this dramatic change, one quietly ignored by critics and curators but not by younger artists, Marden has pushed drawing in paint much further than before, restricting himself to dark colors and black washes on cool white surfaces. There is nothing seductive about these

Marden has seen his work go in and out of fashion. He has gone from being a young artist to being a hero to young artists

The artist in his studio. Marden's long-handled brushes allow him to paint with the gestural freedom he first achieved by drawing with twigs dipped in ink.

paintings. If anything, their lyricism is harsh and elusive.

Marden's new work makes clear that the tactile fields of color he was once known for are now a part of his and our past. These new paintings will live or die on their drawing. Given that Jackson Pollock's accomplishment continues to haunt any abstract artist who picks up a brush to draw, Marden's act begins to be seen for what it is—a brave and ambitious move. The result is not a big drawing, but a big, specific painting in which balance, scale, and form are defined by Marden's knowing placement of a line. When looking at Marden's paintings, one might ask: how many modern artists in this century have been able to make the line achieve an identity all its own? On this rather small and select list, one could place the names Picasso, Matisse, Mondrian, Pollock, Twombly, and now, Marden.

In the large horizontal painting in his loft, Marden has painted eight black vertical rows of interconnected abstract glyphs on a white ground. The eight rows are subtly aligned into four pairs or, as he puts it, couplets. This subtle overall configuration alludes to the poems of the ninth-century Chinese hermit-poet Han-Shan, who lived alone on "Cold Mountain." The glyphs hover between elegant structures and messy notations. They are made of swift, fluid strokes. All the years that Marden has been making drawings seem to be releasing themselves each time he turns and twists one of his long-handled brushes.

Marden has had a long and ongoing interest in classical Chinese art and poetry. In 1987, he finished *Etchings to Rexroth*, a suite of twenty-five black-and-white etchings dedicated to the late Kenneth Rexroth, poet and translator of Chinese poets such as Tu Fu and Li Po. For the Chinese, poetry is both a visual and a written art. Like the great classical Chinese painting-poems, Marden's recent paintings switch between form and utterance, visual structures and discrete yet connected glyphs.

Like Jackson Pollock, Marden has developed a linear language that feels erotic, endlessly evocative, and rich in the resources it can tap. And yet the languidness of Marden's line, the calm deliberation with which it unfolds and fluctuates, like a seismographic reading, is concretely and emotionally different from Pollock's harsh splatters and drips. The lines in Pollock's paintings are viscous, edgy, and explosive, while Marden's are porous, laconic, and receptive.

In the sixties, Willem de Kooning said, "Forms ought to have the emotion of a concrete experience." It is a remark that not only sums up the goal of painters such as himself, Pollock, and Franz Kline, but seems to be increasingly prophetic about the work of Brice Marden. Like de Kooning and Piet Mondrian before him, Marden has developed a way of painting that goes far beyond style. One reason people have found it so difficult to write about him of late is that Marden's work has not quite become a style others imitate. It will happen very soon, however. Earlier in his career, the lush austerities of Marden's work could with some difficulty be connected to Minimalism. But now his work has busted loose and become something altogether different and singular.

Certainly, his recent work has only just started to receive favorable attention from curators and museums. This year, for example, he was awarded the prestigious Skowhegan Medal for Painting, had work included in the Carnegie International, and at just past fifty, he was one of the oldest artists in this year's Whitney Biennial, the always controversial exhibition that prides itself on being in touch with the latest developments. The last time Marden had work in the Biennial was 1977, which was another era.

Marden has seen his work go in and out of fashion, been adored, ignored, and criticized. He has gone from being a young artist to being a hero to a generation of younger artists. While many see him as an inspiration, an example of what is possible, it is a role he neither wants nor has sought. He is an artist given neither to making public pronouncements about the future of art nor to drawing attention to himself. Instead, he has quietly gone his own way.

Among other things, Marden's recent work shows us that abstract art is both a compelling emotional enterprise and an ongoing tradition rather than some dry academic commentary on itself. It reconnects us to our past by pulling the scales off our eyes so that we can see the work of de Kooning and others as fresh and insistent. Marden takes the arabesques of Pollock and makes them into something new and unexpected. In doing so, Marden rewrites both his history and ours. ▼

BRIGITTE LACOMBE

making his mark

The artist with his daughters, Melia and Mirabelle, and his wife, Helen, RIGHT. Marden's worktable, BELOW, with the special long-handled brushes he favors.

BRIGITTE LACOMBE

Marden's drawings that merge grids with more random elements, such as *Masking Drawing 4 (Red Drawing 4)*, 1984, ABOVE, served as a bridge between his early monochromatic paintings and his more recent linear work.

COURTESY MARY BOONE GALLERY

coyote cuisine

Jeffrey Steingarten heads to Santa Fe to investigate the many surprises coming out of the best kitchens in the Southwest

Hiking through soft pink hills in the silvery air of an early desert spring is how I would have spent my time in Santa Fe if I had not eaten four meals a day instead. But an avid and inquisitive eater from New York on his first visit to New Mexico in fifteen years has a lot of catching up to do.

I traveled here to clear up my confusion about the New Southwest Cuisine, also known as Contemporary, Modern, or Nouvelle (but for some reason never *Nueva*), and to meet its ancestors in person. The New Southwest Cuisine is when your waitress in New York, Los Angeles, or Dallas smiles and says, "Hi, I'm Tiffany. Our specials this evening are warm lobster tacos with yellow tomato salsa and jicama salad—and rabbit livers with a flan of smoked poblano and grilled wild mushrooms. Our bread tonight is blue corn with serrano chile. *Bon appétit!*" Before 1980 no human being had ever uttered phrases like these. How are we to understand them?

At the confluence of Native American, Hispanic, and Anglo cultures, Santa Fe is the symbolic heart of the Southwest. It is an unabashed blend of the spiritual sixties and the avaricious eighties. It is the kind of place where a clothing shop can post a sign reading

Shoplifting Is Bad Karma
We Will Prosecute to the Full Extent of the Law

and nobody laughs. It is also the kind of place where you are standing in the middle of nowhere, filling up your Jeep at a self-service gas station, and the landscape suddenly takes hold of you. Your eye travels across fifty miles of pale desert stretching from the iridescent green brush at your feet over rounded pastel hills to the distant mountains dark with pine and juniper and brushed with snow. You peer backwards in time, across aeons of shifting civilizations, and you can almost smell the millions of meals they enjoyed. Then your reverie is put on hold as the gasoline spills out of your Jeep and all over your nice jeans and into your shoes.

I arrived here unable to tell an ancho chile from a poblano, or even a serrano from an Anaheim. But after a week of vigorous eating, I have compiled a culinary history of Santa Fe. Here are some highlights:

12,000 B.C. Dining begins in the New World. In this year humans travel across the Bering Strait, walk down into the lower forty-eight and beyond. There are no familiar vegetables in sight. They have discovered an astounding fact. *The only food plants common to both Old and New worlds are the coconut palm and some minor gourds!*

3000 B.C. Corn is domesticated in the American Southwest. This is a statement that I am not prepared to defend for one minute. There are botanists who have devoted their lives to locating the origin of corn and the place of its earliest domestication. The most commonly accepted theory is that the Southwest natives learned to cultivate corn and squash from their Mexican cousins in about 1000 B.C. and beans somewhat later. Otherwise the Indians gather and hunt, showing a fondness for field mice. Wild oregano, mint, and tiny chiles are used for flavoring. The great variety of hot chiles arrive much later, over trade routes from Mexico or with the Spanish conquerors.

1000 B.C. Corn is domesticated in the American Southwest. See **3000 B.C.**

300 B.C. Pottery is invented, making for neater mealtimes.

1 A.D. Casual, small-scale farming gives way to elaborate systems of agriculture, with irrigation in some places. Corn, squash, and beans are established as the great culinary triad of the Southwest Indians, which, with chiles from Mexico, will transform the culinary life of the Old World fourteen hundred and ninety-one years later.

1492 A.D. Columbus discovers chiles, misnaming them peppers just as he misnames the natives Indians. He is looking for the riches of India, among them black pepper, and will not take no for an answer. It may seem obvious to you, but I am repeatedly astonished to remember that before Columbus, the *only sources of piquancy in old-world food were horseradish, mustard, ginger, and black pepper!* Can you even begin to grasp what it was like in a Szechuan, Indonesian, Pakistani, or Indian (East) restaurant before 1492?

What were the Pueblo Indians eating on the day Columbus landed? I asked myself as I aimed my Jeep along the high road toward Taos. What did they eat and when did they eat it? The Spanish conquerors took very poor notes, and it is only recently that ethnobotanists like Gary Nabhan, author of *Enduring Seeds*, have pieced together a rough picture of what foods were even available. At the Talavaya Center in Espanola, twenty-five minutes' north of Santa Fe, I was shown dark red Hopi beans, others of yellow or white and mottled with black; amaranth grain in shades of burgundy, orange, gold, and white; corn in purple, pink, orange, and turquoise; and red-and-white speckled Anasazi beans from a cliff-dwelling tribe that appears to have turned to cannibalism shortly before mysteriously vanishing around 1300 A.D., according to a late-breaking story in the March 27 *Albuquerque Journal*.

How can I taste these ancient yet colorful foodstuffs without cultivating them on my fire escape in New York? I asked the staff at Talavaya. They urged me to journey to the Hopi reservation, where they had eaten pink and purple corn ground coarse with rabbit fat. The Hopis, isolated first from the Spanish and then from the Anglos, have maintained much of their ancient food and are willing to share it with visitors.

Calculating that I would miss lunch if I undertook the day's drive into northern Arizona to visit the Hopis, I chose instead the Hidden Valley Restaurant at Picuris Pueblo, ▶ 226

the nonconformist

He's never been more acclaimed or controversial. His latest collection is his best, and now he's causing an uproar in France by adding Dior to his design realm. Yet as Georgina Howell discovers, Gianfranco Ferré still lives the simple life

Gianfranco Ferre has been celebrated for his spare, structured clothes. But the soft curves and sumptuous fabrics of his latest collection—hailed as one of his best—spell movie-star glamour, Italian-style. THIS PAGE: His zebra-print coat. Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Indiana, Los Angeles. In this story: hair, Julien d'Is, Paris; makeup, Stéphane Marais for l'Agence Bruno, Paris. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor:
Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele
Photographers:
Peter Lindbergh (fashion);
Oliviero Toscani (portrait)

His large black Mercedes blocking a tiny back street, Gianfranco Ferre is arriving for dinner at one of Milan's most famous Tuscan trattorias, the Torre di Pisa. A reception committee of maître d' and waiters rush to pull back the inconveniently small double doors for this massive, bearded man, and Signor Ferre is ushered through the rain under his chauffeur's large umbrella. He emerges from the tiny boxed entrance with relief and subsides into a shadowy corner with a wheezy sigh.

Out in the crowded kitchens, the head chef hears of his arrival. Pushing his copy of the *Corriere della Sera* to one side, he swings his feet off a chair and rubs his hands together. Signor Ferre is a man worth cooking for.

Among the diners, too, there is a small stir of appreciation. Gianfranco Ferre is one of Milan's most recognizable celebrities, seen daily in one of his three favorite restaurants or beaming on every new production from his box at La Scala. Now, as the heads turn, a stirring in the depths of his beard signals a rare, shy smile. Pushing his tortoiseshell glasses up his nose with a cigar-size finger, he glances over at the next table, where brightly clad couples noisily taste food from each other's plates.

"Copy of a second-rate copy of a Valentino," he murmurs in his gusty, creaking voice. "Bad-taste Milanese eating the wrong food." It would be a mistake to take Signor Ferre for a teddy bear.

Placing a hand over his heart—covered in fine gray suiting and crisply striped black-and-white cotton—he gets down to the serious business of food. The maître d' sidles up, all anticipation, with a waiter in attendance. The menu is proffered and dismissed. Formalities over, the maître d' asks, "What d'you want?"

Signor Ferre leans back in his chair and asks four or five questions. After due consideration, a decision is made.

"And wine?"

"I leave that to you."

We then eat wedges of toasted bread thickly smeared with tomato and basil or liver pâté, served with transparent slices of Parma ham, followed by *ribollita*, a soup of vegetables and bread that is not a soup, warmed twice and eaten at room temperature. We drink heady red wine.

"What d'you want?"

Thick asparagus, five kinds of steamed vegetables, a plate of red and green lettuces, a very small amount of pasta.

"What d'you want?"

Big slices of slightly charred tepid apple tart with a pungent, lemony ice cream. No coffee.

"Do you cook yourself?"

"What, with my three mothers in the kitchen?"

Gianfranco and his brother were brought up in a lively, cozy family villa at Legnano, a small town not twenty miles from Milan. His mother, the widow of the owner of an engineering company, and his two aunts lavished all their affections on the two little boys. Gianfranco was spoiled, adored, indulged, admired; and, as always in Lombardy, great things were expected of him. His friends trace his obsessive sense of duty and responsibility back to the influence of his mother, to whom he is still exceptionally close. When it came to homework and passing exams, she was a dragon. The young Gianfranco was a pale, shy child, an indoor boy, an exemplary student. Later, at the Milan polytechnic where he obtained his architectural degree, he distanced himself from the demonstrations, strikes, and sit-ins of his radical contemporaries.

At forty-five, he has never learned to drive his Mercedes, his Range Rover, or the yacht in which he loves to drift across Lake Maggiore, admiring the dancing reflection of his finely restored nineteenth-century villa with its balustraded pink terraces and curling plasterwork. The house is the love of his life, full of family furniture and his antiques collections, yet he is lucky if he spends one day there a week.

He will be spending even less time there since his appointment in May as designer for Christian Dior. After his first meeting with Bernard Arnault, chairman of Christian Dior's parent company LVMH, and Béatrice Bongibault, Dior's new managing director, Gianfranco Ferre turned to his majordomo and first cousin, Rita Airaghi, and asked, "What do you think? Is this a dream?"

The Italian designer had just been formally offered France's most illustrious and historic couture house and the most famous title in international fashion. Looking back at that moment, Ferre says, "I'm proudest of all that Monsieur Arnault came to ask, not just to give."

Ferre contemplates his promotion to the world of palazzi and film stars with a shrug of his vast shoulders and a gust of laughter

Madame Bongibault sees strong parallels between Christian Dior and Ferre. "They share a rigorous sense of the structure of clothes and a completely modern approach."

Ferre's capacity for work is enormous. He has been producing the couture, the fur collection, the ready-to-wear for men and women, the Oaks and Jeans collections, the recent Studio 000.1 for Marzotto, Europe's largest textile giant, eleven other lines, and fifteen licensees. Four hundred points of sale throughout the world bolster an annual turnover of 520 billion lira. Bergdorf Goodman in Manhattan alone notches up a reported $1 million in his name annually.

Now his atelier will be in Paris, where he will design the couture, ready-to-wear, and fur collections for Dior, while research, sketches, and fabrics will be produced in Milan. He will continue all Ferre lines with the exception of the couture and his fur designs.

He never leaves the studio in the Via Spiga until 8:30 or 9:00 at night, then goes straight to a restaurant and back to his dormitory, a shoebox of a house in the Via Conservatorio. Sometimes he will tell his driver to take the road to Legnano, where he will fall asleep on his mother's sofa with his bulldog Argo, a tisane beside him in one of the gold-rimmed porcelain cups she has used for sixty years.

In a world of mighty egos and theatrical effects, Gianfranco Ferre really is different. Deeply provincial and un-

gianfranco ferre

Fur trim adds an unusual element to the most classic plaid suit. Here, Ferre rejuvenates a wool and cashmere suit. White silk shirt (about $85); silver fur scarf, cashmere shawl and suede gloves with fur trim also by Ferre. Suit and shirt at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit at Ultimo Ltd, Chicago; Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills. Details, [illegible] last pages.

changed by success, he contemplates his promotion to the world of palazzi and film stars with a shrug of his vast shoulders and a gust of laughter. One friend tells of a recent visit to New York City, when, after a morning of tense interviews and important introductions, Ferre escaped from the Hotel Pierre to buy a hot dog and a large ice cream from a vendor on the street. "Then he suddenly realized someone might photograph him. With a deep sigh he dropped the food into a trash bin and crept back into the Pierre for smoked salmon and caviar."

Franco Raggi, renowned designer of avant-garde buildings and new technological machinery, has been a friend since their days studying architecture at the Milan polytechnic. He remembers the helpless laughter with which Gianfranco greeted him one summer day when Raggi turned up for lunch aboard the boat hired by Ferre for a holiday cruise. "He'd wanted a simple *kayeko,* a small sailing boat, but an associate had made the booking for him and hired the kind of boat the English call a gin palace—all chandeliers and carpets, with a huge crew and a French maid in uniform. He couldn't take it seriously."

There is nothing of the provincial or the shrinking violet about Gianfranco Ferre's fashion. Instantly identifiable as Italian, it is clear-cut, confident, powerfully feminine. Even when he made his debut fifteen years ago, it was immediately clear that Ferre had something new to offer fashion. His stark red, white, and black collections had all the drama of the Kabuki theater. With their obi sashes with trapunto stitching, classic white shirts with exaggerated proportions of cuff or collar, precise tailoring and cross-stitching of leather into a kind of armor, his early collections were acclaimed for bringing a new sense of minimalist architecture to fashion. Nonetheless, the comparison with architecture has never pleased the designer.

That description omits the drama and opulence of his designs—his consistent and extravagant use of fur on dresses and long evening coats, his Scarlett O'Hara silhouette for evening, the tactile richness of his taffeta raincoats. Presentations of his collections are among the most theatrical in the fashion world. Ferre has energized and modernized a kind of 1950s Dolce Vita style, an all-out movie-star fantasy. He has recently softened his masterful tailoring with dressmaker's curves and a more sinuous line, achieving a new level of excellence.

With his latest collection, a circus of vivid animal prints and ringmaster red, he has redefined glamour as a modern attribute. He was cued to put his marker on fashion history, and Christian Dior seized the moment. Says Franco Mattioli, chairman and equal partner in Ferre's firm, whose idea it was in 1985 that Ferre should extend his formidable talents into the couture, "If Ferre were a racehorse, this year he would win the Grand National. The shows for winter are *bellissima*! Extraordinary!" The new era has been marked with the purchase of the Palazzo Gondrand, an art nouveau monument to be immaculately renovated over the next couple of years by Marco Zanuso.

On a Monday morning at 9:30, the staff is already hard at work in the Via Spiga showrooms designed by Ferre. They are busy in the black library and video room with its steel superstructure and mobile library steps, in the designer's semicircular office with its display of

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Suddenly, camel is as chic as black and navy. THIS PAGE: Ferre's wool coat with fox trim. Belt also by Ferre. Coat at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills. Another luxury treatment: Moisture Whip Lipstick in Sugar Plum Ice by Maybelline. OPPOSITE PAGE: An 18th-century shape—with miles of fabric and the smallest cinched waist—gives *Dangerous Liaisons* romance to Ferre's robe coat in silk taffeta, with fox trim. Martha; Romanoff Boutiques, Coconut Grove and Bal Harbour FL. Details, mail stores, last page.

short cut to fall

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SHO

Variations of the
bangs, cropped in back
that is graphically prin
color. OPPOSITE PAGE: A sl
classic corset—a Mer
up in boldly patterned
corset (about $145) and
(about $41). Saturday
NYC; Intima, Philadelphi
Lingerie, Santa Monic
A silk bustier by Escape
and panties (abou
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Behind Closed Doo
These pages: hair,
Parachute, NYC; make
Details, more st

Fashion Editor:
Photographer:

Joan Juliet Buck, a devoted short-hair convert, explains why it makes a difference

Hair is time.

Women with short hair always look as if they have somewhere else to go. Women with long hair tend to look as if they belong where they are, especially in California.

Short hair takes a short time. Long hair takes a long time.

Long hair moves faster than short hair.

Long hair tells men you are all woman, or a real woman, or at the very least a girl.

Short hair always makes them wonder.

Short hair makes children ask each other—usually at the school-yard gate, when parents are late—"Are you a boy or a girl?"

Men married to women with short hair should not have affairs with women who have long hair kept up with many little pins and combs.

Once you have cut your hair you have to remember to wear lipstick, but you can put away the brush, elastics, and the black barrettes in the form of shiny leaves with rhinestone hearts.

When you cut your hair you lose a nose and gain a neck. A neck is generally better than a nose. It does not need to be powdered, except on extreme occasions. It does, however, need to be washed more often.

With short hair you suddenly dislike the month of March, when the wind blows down the back of your neck. With short hair you begin to crave pearl necklaces, long earrings, and a variety of sunglasses. And you brush your teeth more often.

Short hair removes obvious femininity and replaces it with style. When it starts growing out a little and losing its style, you have to wear sunglasses until you can get to the hairdresser. That's why you need a variety.

Short hair makes you aware of subtraction as style. You can no longer wear puffed sleeves or ruffles; the neat is suddenly preferable to the fussy. You eye the tweezers instead of the blusher. What else can you take away?

If you start using scissors as well as tweezers, your hairdresser will be upset. Hairdressers can always tell you've done something peculiar in the back, though it looked fine to you. Stick to the tweezers.

You can't hide behind short hair. Your nape is exposed. Men put their hands around your neck instead of stroking your long locks. You can only pray they have friendly intentions. The backs of your ears show, your jawline is clear to anyone watching, and you realize—perhaps for the first time—how wide the expanse of skin is between cheekbone and ear.

You may look a little androgynous, a little unfinished, a little bare. You will look elegant, as short hair requires you to keep your weight slightly below acceptable levels. However, the first time you wear a bathing suit with short hair, you will feel exceptionally naked.

People who used to look straight at you will love you in profile.

Short hair makes others think you have good bones, determination, and an agenda. The shape of your skull is commented on, so are its contents. They can pick you out in a crowd, and you can be recognized from behind, which can be good or bad. But your face is no longer a flat screen surrounded by a curtain: the world sees you in three dimensions.

Chase to the cut. ▼

CROPPED HEADS, MIXED PRINTS

Paisley-print silk jacquard camisole from Paula Carbone, OPPOSITE PAGE, TOP LEFT, about $50. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Montaldo's. Wig by Sture Osten, NYC. Makeup, B.J. Gillian. Three versions of Oribe's cropped-back, long-bang style on ice-blond model Stina: TOP RIGHT, black tartan silk chiffon dressing gown by Isaac Mizrahi. CENTER AND BOTTOM LEFT: Leopard-print velour robe with tie belt by Adrienne Vittadini At Home for Boutique Industries, about $160. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Montaldo's; Bullocks Wilshire. Fuchsia body stocking by Lynne Greene for Lady Lynne, about $48. Bloomingdale's; Lisa Norman Lingerie, Bel Air and Santa Monica CA. BOTTOM RIGHT, FOREGROUND: Vartan at Vartali cut Godet's short, tapered ash-blond hair. Paisley-print silk bra by Jeune Europe, about $135. Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckels; Enchanté, Chicago. BACKGROUND: Green-leaf paisley-print bra by Natori, about $28. Altman's; Jacobson's; Nordstrom, Costa Mesa CA. BOTTOM CENTER: Multicolored bra, panties, and garter belt, Adagio by Patricia Fieldwalker. Details, more stores, last pages.

short cut to fall

"It's not for everyone. A woman has to have a strong face—either very beautiful, very young, or very ugly."
Oribe at Parachute, NYC

SHORT CUT SPECIALISTS

New York: La Coupe (212/371-9230); Bruno Dessange (212/517-9660); Imo, Regency Hotel (212/753-2326); Oribe at Parachute (212/769-0950); Joseph Martin (212/838-3150); Kenneth Salon (212/752-1800); Pipino-Buccheri (212/759-2959); Gad Cohen (212/535-7256); Nubest & Company, Manhasset NY (516/627-9444). **Los Angeles:** Cassandre (213/273-9918); Umberto (213/274-6395); Vidal Sassoon (213/274-8575); José Eber (213/278-7646); Arthur Johns Adjectives (213/855-0225); Bill Palmer Salon (213/278-2011); Allen Edwards (213/274-8575). **San Francisco:** Eckhard Salon, Fairmont Hotel (415/982-6500). **Atlanta:** Claiborne's (404/256-1995). **Washington DC:** Robin Weir (202/861-0444). **Boston:** Born 2b Wild (617/536-0303). **Dallas:** Jungle Red (214/522-3225). **St. Paul:** Rocco Altobelli (612/690-5491). **Seattle:** Salon Cardeau (206/622-1583). **Palm Beach FL:** Marina (407/659-6450).

THE BIG SHEAR

Is cutting catching? If so, did model Linda Evangelista, THIS PAGE CENTER, styled here by Mitch Barry, start it all when Julien d'Is, Paris, cut her hair dramatically short? Perhaps. "Her career has skyrocketed," says Charles Booth of La Coupe, NYC, whose haircut business has trebled this year. More crops on THIS PAGE by Oribe for Oribe at Parachute. Sign of the times: there was none of the usual resistance to having hair cut from any of the models on this sitting. In fact, they asked for more. OPPOSITE PAGE, BELOW RIGHT Extra short by Vartan at Vartali. TOP AND LEFT Asa, haircut by Oribe for Oribe at Parachute, highlighted by Leland Hirsch of Nubest & Company, Manhasset, NY. Details, last pages.

"The best cut is all one length, just above the earlobe, beveled in back at the nape, so underlayers are shorter than top layers. It guarantees that hair has lots of movement."
Gad Cohen, stylist, NYC

short cut to fall

HIGH-FLYING COLOR

Color enhances a haircut and replaces black as lingerie's sexy new standard. All lingerie, Adagio by Patricia Fieldwalker. OPPOSITE PAGE: Silk charmeuse bra, panties, and garter belt. Bra, about $65; panties, about $40; garter belt, about $58. Bergdorf Goodman; Enchanté, Chicago; Holt Renfrew of Canada. THIS PAGE, LEFT TO RIGHT: Silk charmeuse teddy, bra, and panties. Teddy, about $125; bra, about $68; panties, about $80. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus; Boudoir, Newport Beach CA. Bed courtesy of John Ryman for Zona. Details, more stores, last pages.

the fine print

The attraction of an Hermès scarf is twofold: the exquisite pattern, the instant status. Scarf lore surprising that other designers are making their own versions of the prints, stitching them into skirts and jackets that pay homage to the originals.

UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos

PRINTS AND PRINCESS

Hermes began as a custom leather-goods shop in [illegible]7, the house is best known for its imaginative prints. OPPOSITE PAGE: Rather than add fashion insult to injury, Princess Grace fashioned an Hermes scarf into a sling. The print, appropriately enough, is named *Armes de Monaco*. THIS PAGE: Hermes's "bibliotheque" silk twill blouse, studded bracelets. Blouse at Hermes Boutiques, NYC, Boston, Palm Beach FL. Cheeks get a hint of color, here, from Ultima II's Big Easy blush in Wink. Photographed at Les Deux Magots, Paris. In this story: hair, Donald for l'Agence Bruno, Paris; makeup, Regine for l'Agence Bruno, Paris. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele
Photographer: Wayne Maser

COVERING ALL BASICS

Inspiring flattery in many forms, Hermès prints set a standard other designers strive to meet. THIS PAGE: Genny's reversible black cotton velvet quilted coat, about $1,125. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Tootsies, Houston. OPPOSITE PAGE, TOP: Jeune Europe's silk charmeuse blouse (about $500), matching skirt (about $500), and silk charmeuse scarf (about $125). Bloomingdale's; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Greta, Palm Springs CA. BOTTOM: Jeune Europe's silk charmeuse bra (about $125), bikini brief (about $100), and long-sleeved blouse (about $500). Bloomingdale's; Panache, Millburn NJ; La Lingerie, Houston. Photographed at The Hotel de Crillon, Paris. FAR RIGHT: Hermès ties the head that wears the crown. Details, more stores, last pages.

the fine print
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TALKING FASHION

Editor: Gabé Doppelt

Bob Mackie kissed his model and was blinded by his own dangerous hat.

Marc Jacobs gets a little carried away—with some help from his models.

Arnold Scaasi interrupts his primal scream therapy for the applause.

Geoffrey Beene's encore? A quick round of Simon Says

"Give me a B!" Betsey Johnson cheers at her postshow pep rally.

A lighter, tighter Louis Dell'Olio flaunts his new, improved abdomen.

Left to right; top: ROXANNE LOWIT, DAN LECCA, GOULD/*Images; bottom row:* PIERRE SCHERMAN

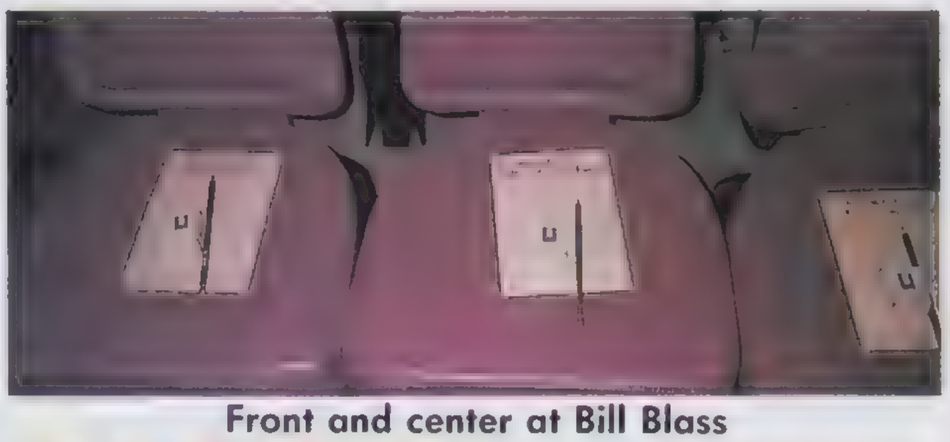
When the spotlight shifts from the creations to their creators, it's show time all over again

THE SHOW'S OVER. NOW, WHETHER IT WAS STUNNING or stultifying, everyone wants to get a glimpse of the artiste, the mastermind, the one with the vision thing. Marc Jacobs shines at these moments. Perennial no-show Romeo Gigli would rather die. But showmanship and critical success don't seem to be interdependent. Some big stars take deep, thespian bows; others just shrug, smile, maybe wave a little. TALKING...▶218

Landing front-row seats at fashion shows is a socioeconomic coup. BRUCE HANDY finds out who puts the big and not-so-big in their places

SEATING SOCIALITES AT FASHION SHOWS IS AN ELUSIVE art. "Mr. Herrera does *that*," says Deborah Hughes, director of public relations at Carolina Herrera, who seats the press; her tone of voice leaves the impression that this is a chore no mortal would willingly undertake. Indeed, figuring out which millionaire's wife rates a front-row seat and which millionaire's wife doesn't seems to be the most rarefied of processes, requiring near-mystical powers of social divination. "It's just *known*," explains Hughes—in the way, perhaps, that certain religionists just *know* which books and movies are blasphemous without having read or seen them. Boaz Mazor, who does all the socialite seating for Oscar de la Renta, cites such ineffable front-row qualifications as having "star power" and being the "crème de la crème." In practice, these attributes translate into a recurring lineup of hardy social evergreens like Ivana and Blaine Trump, Anne Bass, Barbara Walters, Nan Kempner, and Carol Sulzberger—"Just a group of pals," in the schoolgirlish words of one of them. Nevertheless, what it is that separates these women from the less crème-de-la-crèmey likes of Joanna Carson and Norris Church Mailer (seen this past spring in at least one designer's *third* row) will not be immediately clear to the uninitiated.

Seating buyers and members of the press—i.e., professionals—is a comparatively down-to-earth affair. The rule of thumb seems to be: *size counts*. Thus the biggest stores and most influential publications find their minions generously and conspicuously seated. Meanwhile, in the back rows—"Siberia," in the words of a seating planner—one might find *The Cincinnati Enquirer* and *The Milwaukee Journal* (as at Geoffrey Beene this spring). The only tricky part is ensuring that everyone gets what they perceive to be their fair share, a process not unlike setting limits on nuclear warheads or parceling out desserts among five-year-olds. "You certainly don't want anyone to construe they've been given short shrift," says Christy Hood at Donna Karan. Personalities must be taken into account as well: there was a stir at a recent show when two high-profile professional rivals were placed a scant four chairs apart; normally they would have been seated across the runway from each other. But the socialites are the ones who make things interesting, and size—or rather, a kind of gross social accounting—matters for "the ladies" as well. Many, of course, buy a lot of couture, which no doubt endears them to the houses and boosts their standing. Many number designers among ▶ 220



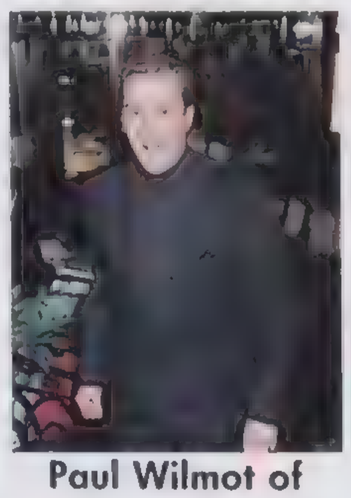
Front and center at Bill Blass

At Calvin Klein

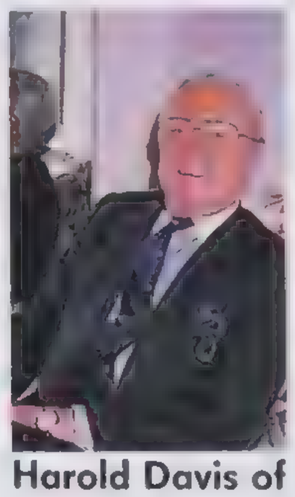
At Carolina Herrera

Jerry Zipkin

Jerry Zipkin, society's favorite escort, is guaranteed a front-row seat at American shows. Like his ladies, Zipkin steers clear of the trendier designers: "I just go to see my friends." Among them this year: Carolina Herrera, Bill Blass, Calvin Klein, Oscar de la Renta.

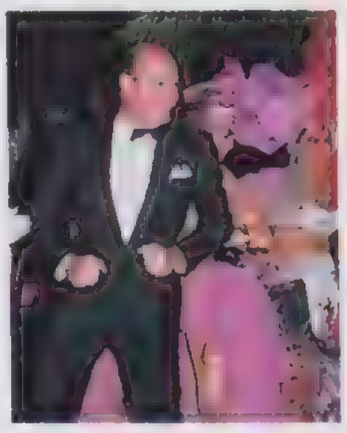


Paul Wilmot of Calvin Klein



Harold Davis of Bill Blass

Boaz Mazor of de la Renta



Reinaldo Herrera for Carolina Herrera

People to be nice to

Finding a seat for everyone is a collaborative effort, or so press agents insist. Still, getting to know who these people are couldn't hurt if you want your placement adjusted. Not shown: Christy Hood of Donna Karan, Nina Santisi of Isaac Mizrahi.

Forward motion

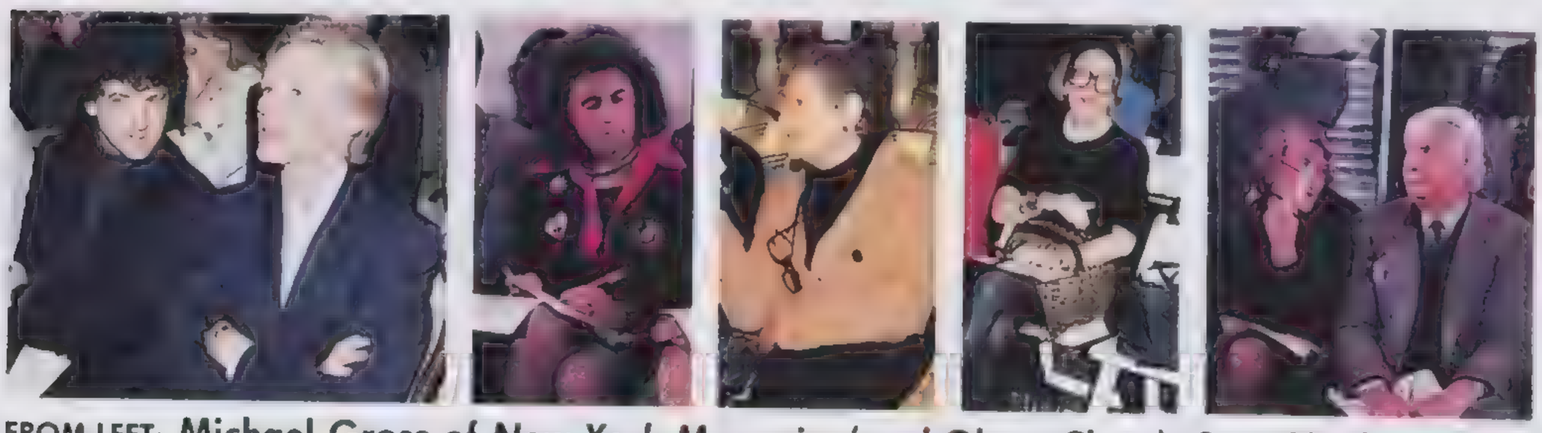
Seat assignments aren't carved in stone. Special ladies may find that graduating from second-row obscurity to a front-row seat can happen in one short season.

Second row at spring '89 collections: Blaine Trump (at Oscar de la Renta), Chessy Rayner (at Carolyne Roehm), and Barbara Walters (at Bill Blass).

First row at fall '89 collections: Blaine Trump (at Oscar de la Renta), Chessy Rayner (at Carolyne Roehm), and Barbara Walters (at Bill Blass).

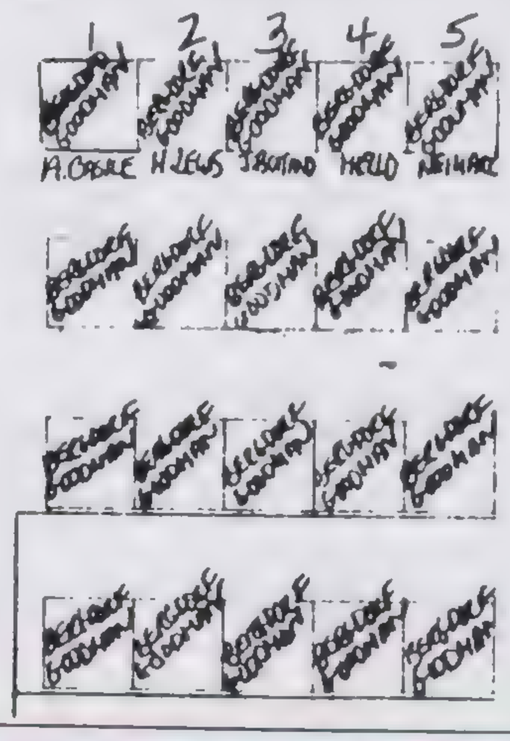
Who's on first?

Some members of the powerful fashion press as well as some high-powered department store buyers have an inalienable right to a front-row seat.



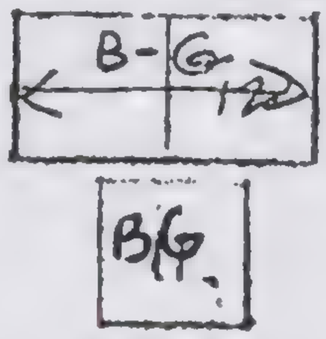
FROM LEFT: Michael Gross of *New York Magazine* (and Glenn Close), Suzy Menkes of the *International Herald Tribune*, *The Washington Post*'s Nina Hyde, *The New York Times*'s Carrie Donovan, and Etta Froio and John Fairchild of *WWD*.

FROM LEFT: Dawn Mello and Ira Neimark of Bergdorf Goodman, Helen O'Hagan and Ellin Saltzman of Saks, Russell Stravitz, Kalman Ruttenstein, and Marvin Traub of Bloomingdale's, Lynn Manulis and Martha Phillips of Martha.



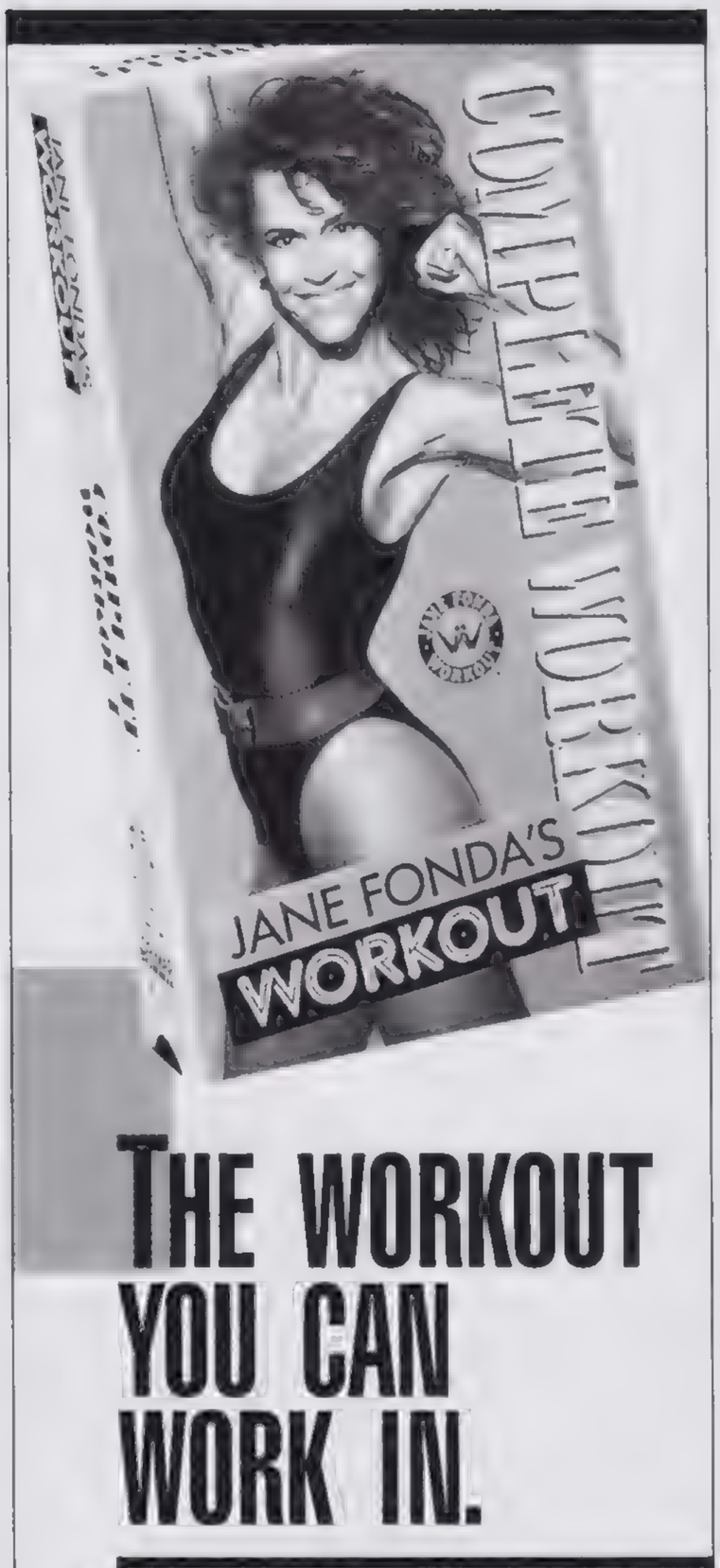
Quantity, not quality, counts.

According to seating planners, when it comes to pleasing the all-important buyers, twenty seats in back are better than two seats in front. A spokesman for master-seater Jody Donohue Associates says: "If we have sixteen people from Saks who want to come, we HAVE to find sixteen seats."



Bergdorf Goodman takes up twenty seats at Carolyne Roehm, LEFT; at Bob Mackie, ABOVE, they take up only three.

The front lines at Oscar de la Renta's show.



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TALKING FASHION

their friends (indeed, the lines get blurred: designers like Calvin Klein and Oscar de la Renta have become socialites in their own right, just as socialites like Carolyne Roehm and Carolina Herrera have become designers). "Perhaps being on the best-dressed list helps," suggests Nan Kempner, a former journalist and current millionaire's wife. "But really, I feel one earns one's place through loyalty and being a customer." Ann Getty's place in the front row is so thoroughly earned that her last minute RSVP to the de la Renta show necessitated an emergency addition of an extra seat (with a face-saving line of seats behind it in every row) in order that she be spared the indignity of having to sit in the second row next to the likes of, say, Ivana Trump's mother. (One's social worth doesn't necessarily translate from house to house: one fairly well-known movie actress's front-row seat at this spring's Perry Ellis show downtown wouldn't have kept her out of a back row at, say, an uptown show like Bill Blass's.)

But how, one wonders, does a seating arranger know precisely when a woman (or man for that matter: Reagan court jester Jerry Zipkin turned up regularly at this spring's New York shows) has accreted front-row standing? At what moment does one's social poundage reach critical mass and move one ineluctably forward? "Well, I don't remember *ever* sitting in the second row," Kempner confesses (though in fact she sat precisely there at this April's de la Renta show). De la Renta's Mazor offers the example of the wife of a possible mayoral candidate, who will catapult forward from her current third-row status in the (unlikely) event her husband wins the election this fall. Mazor also notes that the newest of the two Mrs. Basses—Mercedes—was in the second row as recently as three years ago; he attributes her upgrade to having been "in the news." (No one, not even the unusually frank Mazor, would touch the subject of *demotions*.)

Some front-seaters find that one's social worth doesn't necessarily translate from house to house

The less shined-upon do complain from time to time. "You tell them the second row is a better view anyway," says Mazor, employing an old maître d's strategy. Regardless of the potential for bruised feelings, he feels that some women are really better off in the back. It's for their own good: "We have one woman who buys a lot, but she's not a fashion plate. And plus, if she *did* sit in the front row, she wouldn't know what to say to Evangeline Bruce." An unusually harsh brand of social Darwinism, but that's how you have to be, it seems, if you want to separate the women from the girls.

Of course, there's always a cynical bottom line to any activity taking place in the near vicinity of vast amounts of money. "It's like this," says a fashion executive—one who found the topic at hand sufficiently ticklish that he asked not to be identified. "If the ladies have a well-known social profile, they're going to get their picture *at your show* in the paper. They'll get you in the gossip columns, they'll get you in the social pages. Many times the papers will give as much or even more space to the ladies as they do to the clothes." In other words, it all boils down to good PR. *That* everyone understands. ◆

TALKING... ▶ 222

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TALKING PARTIES

Princess TNT sang the invitation on the Keith Haring–designed 45s.

Princess Gloria von Thurn und Taxis

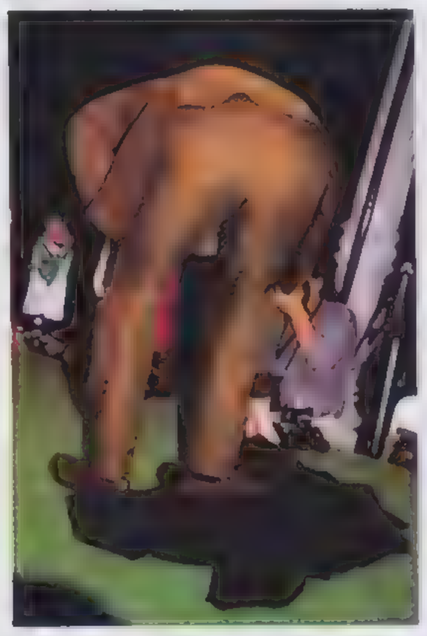
Keith Haring signs his work

Lucy Ferry

Having a ball

The invitations—45-rpm records designed by Keith Haring—were sent around the world: Europe's Rock and Roll Princess, Gloria von Thurn und Taxis, was throwing a birthday party at her Bavarian schloss. There was music in the lower hall as everyone danced to the princess's singing. —A.L.T.

Sandra Bernhard



Roy Blount, Jr.

Writer Paul Rudnick

Teri Garr

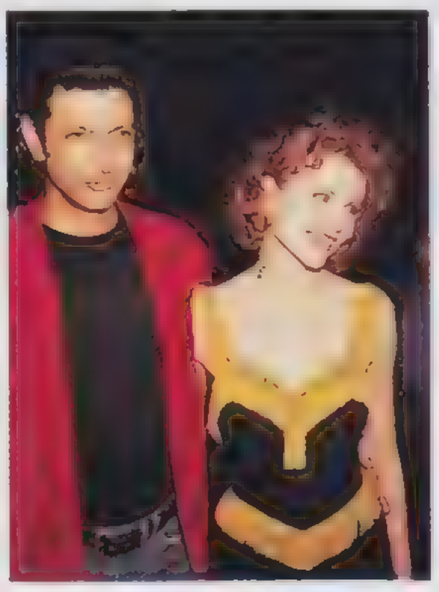
Talking Fashion

"If you can wear a fashion statement, why make one?" Sandra Bernhard said at the *Spy*/Italian Trade Commission benefit for the ACLU. Stars, however, did both—modeling clothes, delivering monologues—at the show, emceed by Teri Garr and Buck Henry.

Ed Begley, Jr.

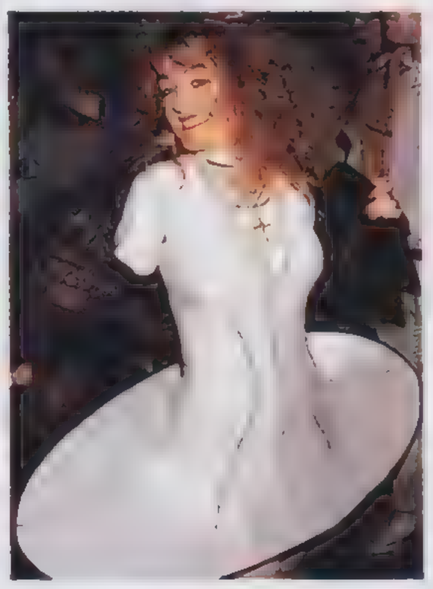
Alien by nature

It was hard to tell who was in costume and who wasn't at the Hollywood premiere of *Earth Girls Are Easy*. Guests walked from Mann's Chinese Theatre to Spice for the party, where two hairdressers worked onstage turning Valley Girl guests into beehived spectacles.

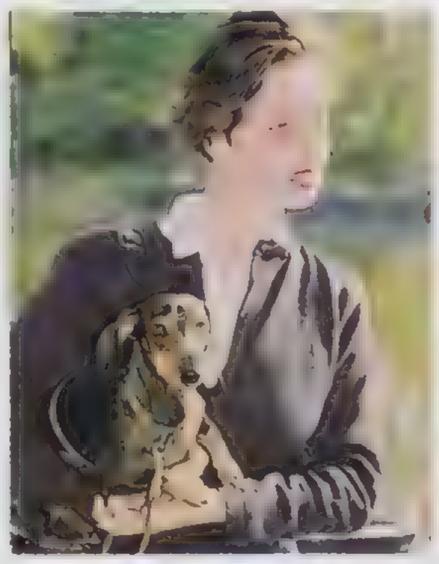


Jeff Goldblum, Geena Davis

Julien Temple

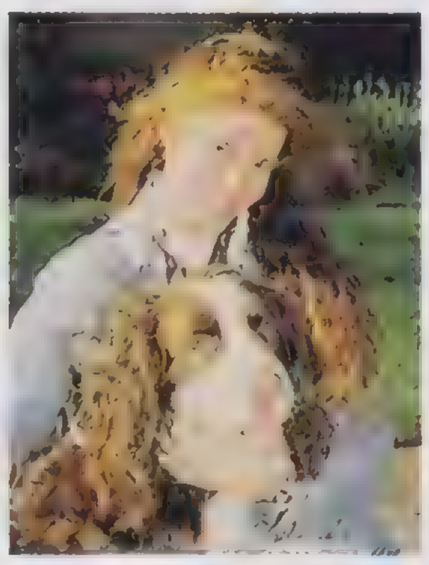


Julie Brown



Isabella Rossellini and Ziggy

Colin Webster-Watson with George



Susie Lachapelle and Humphrey

Mrs. Karl Schoenborn with Leika

Dog day afternoon

Celebrities and their dogs were honored when Priscilla Rattazzi celebrated the publication of her book, *Best Friends*, in Central Park. Party favors were bowls for dogs, bone-shaped biscuits for masters.

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TALKING PARTIES

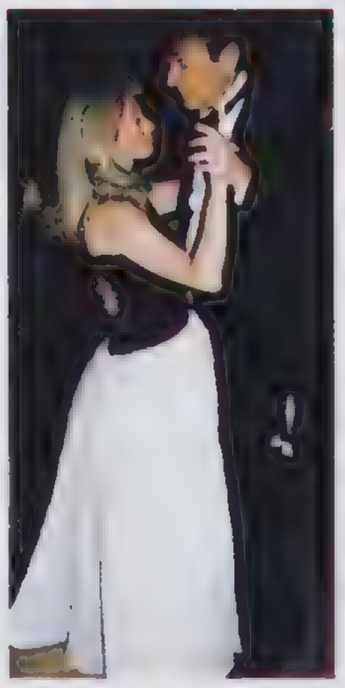
A happy birthday

The exhaustion, euphoria, and relief were almost tangible at Marc Jacobs's twenty-sixth birthday party at M.K. The party coincided with the designer's first show for Perry Ellis and was attended by his staff, models, and fans.

Marc Jacobs, Naomi Campbell

Steven Meisel, Christy Turlington

Kara Young, Sante D'Orazio

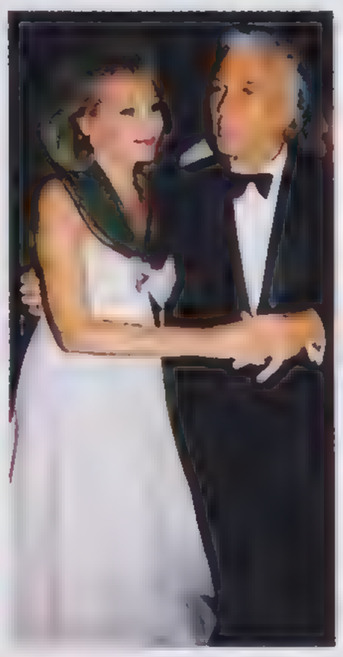


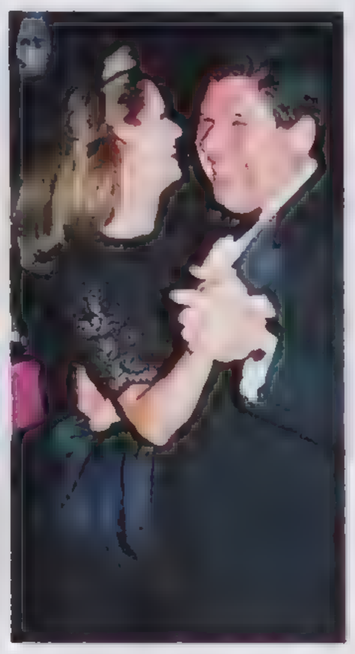
Karen and Richard LeFrak

Arnold Scaasi

Joanne Cummings, Jerry Zipkin

Susan Newhouse, Norman Mailer

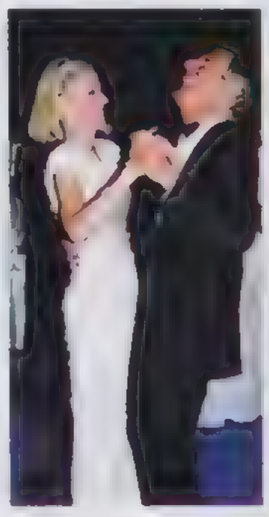


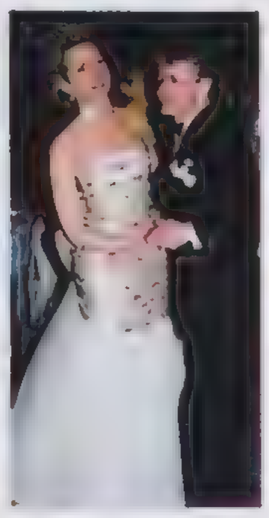


Tom Wolfe's spats; Barbara Walters, Merv Adelson; Laura Tisch, Saul Steinberg

Powers of the PEN

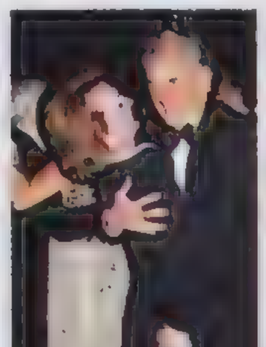
There was, perhaps, too much freedom of speech at the PEN American Center's fund-raiser at NYC's Roseland. Only after several speeches and a reading by Tom Wolfe were guests able to dance to the music of Hank Lane.

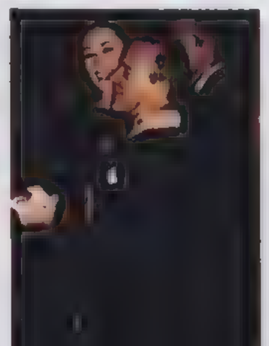




Anne Bass, Richard Feigen; Samuel and Judith Peabody; Blaine Trump, Mikhail Baryshnikov

Designer Robert Isabell at work





Gayfryd Steinberg, Billy Norwich; Lee Radziwill, Herb Ross; Carolyne Roehm, Henry Kravis

Swan throng

Mikhail Baryshnikov took the stiffness out of the dancers in his new production of *Swan Lake*, and guests at the postperformance gala followed suit. Instead of leaving after dinner as usual, patrons flitted between two dance floors, ate swan-shaped puff pastry, and danced until the orchestra was ordered to quit at 1:00 A.M. "Why aren't they going home?" Baryshnikov asked. "Well, Misha, maybe they're having fun," replied party chairman Blaine Trump.

TALKING . . . ▶ 232

Parties *left*: ROXANNE LOWIT; *right, top and bottom*: MARY HILLIARD

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COYOTE CUISINE

(Continued from page 196)

nestled in a high mountain valley an hour north of Espanola on the way to Taos. The restaurant, attached to a grocery store, was pleasant and modern, as was the food. The featured Picuris Feast was a blue-corn enchilada filled with savory ground meat and topped with green chile sauce and cheddar cheese, white posole or hominy, fry bread made with white flour, salad with Kraft Zesty Italian, and white-bread pudding. But only the corn in the tortillas and the posole and perhaps the green chiles could have been eaten here in 1492, and none of these is grown today in the pueblo from aboriginal seeds. With the Picuris Feast we drank iced *cota* tea, brewed from a smoky-tasting herb picked in the hills around the restaurant, our one taste of pre-Columbian food.

1598 A.D. Colonization of New Mexico begins in earnest as the Spanish move north along the Rio Grande. Soon they have enslaved the Pueblo Indians, bringing in exchange smallpox, Christianity, venereal disease, bounteous varieties of chiles and corn from southern Mexico, and many old-world culinary delights—wheat flour, dairy products, cumin, coriander, fruit trees, watermelon, grapes, and pigs. These will form an enduring gastronomic partnership with native crops to create a distinct New Mexican cuisine.

In a former Kentucky Fried Chicken place at the corner of a shopping center in the heart of Espanola stands Jo Ann's Ranch O. Casados, probably the best traditional restaurant in northern New Mexico. There are some American dishes on the menu—chili dog, Frito chile pie, and chicken Kiev—but nearly everything else is made from crops grown a few miles away by Jo Ann's husband, Orlando Casados, mostly from seeds that have been in the family for generations.

Mark Miller believes the only food not improved by chiles is a hot fudge sundae

When I had ordered everything on the menu, Jo Ann sat down to explain her food, which is lighter and more delicately flavored than Tex-Mex. The hot, flavorful green chile of Chimayó is used almost exclusively, either fresh or in its dried, dark red incarnation; cumin, cilantro, and coriander seed are absent, letting the sweet, fruity taste of the chiles shine through. *Carne adovada* is softly spiced with chile and baked until it falls apart, unlike the searing Tex-Mex chile con carne made with cubed or ground beef. Desserts are flavored with anise and cinnamon. Tomatoes are used sparingly, and guacamole appears on the menu only as a concession to demand; avocados do not grow locally. Jo Ann's white tortillas are made from sprouted wheat and are nutty and full of texture. Her blue-corn enchilada is a grainy quarter-inch cake made from corn that is dried on the cob at the Casadoses' farm, shelled, boiled with lime to soften the tough skin, rinsed, dried again for a few days, and ground into meal. Beans are cooked in a light broth, unlike the gluey Tex-Mex refried version. "Our beans are so tender they don't need to be refried," Jo Ann explains. What a relief! I have never thought that refried beans belong on the same plate with food.

1846 A.D. The U.S. Army conquers New Mexico at the urging of Southern congressmen who want more votes for the pro-slave side. In the years that follow, New Mexico's Hispanic-Indian cuisine will be only barely influenced by the Southern, Creole, and chuck-wagon cooking from Texas and Missouri.

1979–1983 A.D. Far from Santa Fe, events conspire to change Southwest cooking forever. As these crucial years begin, a talented and endlessly curious young chef named Mark Miller leaves the employ of Alice Waters, at Chez Panisse, to open the Fourth Street Grill and then the Santa Fe Bar and Grill, both in Berkeley, where he introduces fish grilled over mesquite, white chorizos spiced with cilantro and serrano chiles, and seviche of fresh oysters with chile confetti.

In 1982, at the restaurant Saint Estephe in Manhattan Beach, outside Los Angeles, John Sedlar (a native New Mexican) plops a fresh green Chimayó chile pepper on an otherwise impeccable French nouvelle cuisine plate. Never before has this feat been attempted. Today, Saint Estephe serves some of the most stunning and original (if sometimes cerebral and abstract) New Southwest cooking anywhere.

Also in 1982, a group of four revolutionary young Texas cooks—all but one from out of state—makes plans to create a new regional cuisine. They employ two basic stratagems: replicating classical European recipes with Southwestern and Mexican ingredients, and uplifting traditional local dishes—Southern, Creole, chuck wagon, and Tex-Mex—with ingredients foreign to these cuisines. They succeed brilliantly and are nicknamed the Texas Mafia. Dean Fearing is now at The Mansion at Turtle Creek in Dallas; Stephan Pyles at Routh Street Cafe in Dallas; and Robert Del Grande at Cafe Annie in Houston. Anne Lindsay Greer, original anchor of the group, writes and teaches in Dallas. Fame and fortune come so quickly that hardly anyone remembers to ask whether Maine lobster belongs in a blue enchilada or Brie and papaya in a quesadilla. But misfires are rare among this group, if not among their imitators from coast to coast.

1985 A.D. Huntley Dent's *The Feast of Santa Fe* is published. Researched from current recipes, out-of-print cookbooks, novels, memoirs, and fiesta programs, it is still the best source for traditional New Mexican techniques, recipes, and lore.

April 1987 A.D. New Southwest Cuisine arrives at last in its spiritual homeland when Mark Miller (see **1979 A.D.**) forsakes Berkeley for Santa Fe and opens the Coyote Cafe.

April 1989 A.D. Mark Miller throws a party to celebrate the Coyote Cafe's second anniversary (and his fortieth birthday) at the Santa Fe Ski Basin. A hundred of his New Mexican friends are there; Jeremiah Tower flies in from San Francisco, Dean Fearing from Dallas.

Mark and I stand and talk on the deck of the ski lodge in gently falling snow as he barbecues ribs and chicken and wild (or at least free-range) New Mexican lamb rubbed with Yucatecan spices. A friend has brought bushels of Crescent Bay and Hogg Island (Tamales Bay) oysters to the party, and Mark serves them on the half shell with a colorful topping of serrano salsa. As I swallow one bivalve after another, easily outpacing the shuckers, the powerful heat of the serranos gives way to the fruitiness of the chile and the sweet-sour of the other ingredients—perfect foils for the pristine, metallic taste of the oysters. Mark believes that the only food that cannot be improved by chiles is maybe a hot fudge sundae, and he's not so sure of that.

Mark is an intellectual with seven years of anthropology at Berkeley and 3,500 cookbooks in his collection, but his food is never aloof or abstract. He loves the rough edge to Mexican food and preserves it no matter how sophisticated the dish. His palate is more Mexican than New Mexican, and he loves cilantro, coriander seed, cumin, and varieties of fresh and dried chiles not grown near Santa Fe. (But he hates oregano, Mexican or otherwise, and always substitutes marjoram.) He avoids salt, feeling that it amplifies the sheer heat of a chile while suppressing the notes of anise and herb, tobacco and cassis, that he detects in the diverse varieties.

Mark abhors what he calls the orchestration of folk melodies—taking a strong rustic Mexican dish like seviche, pulling out the lime juice and adding caviar and cream for luxury and elegance. His chile sauces complement the central ingredient on the plate but never echo or harmonize with it, unlike French sauces that pair fish stock with fish, and veal stock with beef, both flavored with the same herbs and spices.

COYOTE CUISINE

Mark explains his proudest creations as transpositions—taking a terrific recipe from another culture, grasping the underlying principles of flavor, texture, and technique, and transposing them into a Southwestern or Mexican key. His cassoulet uses wild Indian beans that hold up better, he thinks, than white navy beans; venison; New Mexican lamb; and homemade goat sausages; red chile sauce instead of the tomato-meat broth of Toulouse or Carcassonne; and a blue-corn crust with roasted garlic and pine nuts. When Mark makes confit of duck, he rubs the meat with sage, allspice, juniper, coriander, cinnamon, chile powder, and garlic instead of traditional French herbs and spices, though the cooking technique remains the same. *Mu shu* pork becomes brine-cured pork rolled in corn tortillas with sautéed wild chanterelles, tamarind sauce mixed with chipotles, and crunchy strips of poblanos and sweet red peppers.

I was plumper but wiser when I returned my rent-a-Jeep to the Albuquerque airport. Back in New York, I was glad to relive the quintessential Santa Fe experience with icy Belon oysters from Maine and

Coyote Cafe' s Roasted Serrano Salsa

6 fresh serrano chiles
1 lb. roma tomatoes, finely diced
2 T minced sweet red onion
¼ cup fresh orange juice
2 T yellow sweet pepper, finely diced
2 T cilantro, finely chopped
1 T unseasoned rice vinegar
½ t. salt
½ t. sugar

In a comal or black iron skillet over medium high heat, cook the serranos until blackened. Remove half the blackened skin and chop the chiles finely. Mix with the remaining ingredients, let stand for one hour, cover, and refrigerate. Yield: 3 cups.

As even little children know, a serrano chile (unlike the large, green, mild Anaheim) is one to two inches long, green or red when fresh, and bright red when dried. It is the primary source of heat in fresh Mexican salsas and has a pungency rating on the Scoville Scale between 10,000 and 15,000, just less than cayenne and roughly equal to the ancient wild chiltepin of the Pueblo Indians.

GIANFRANCO FERRE

(Continued from page 202)

eighteenth-century Japanese and English helmets, at the startling yellow abstract reception desk, and even in the luxurious washrooms downstairs, where models are changing beside the bowls of potpourri and in the cabins with their twin lavatories and bidets. In her mirrored office, Airaghi is on the telephone arranging a private dinner party for Liza Minnelli, a longtime friend and client, on the eve of her gala concert in Milan.

"I ask her, how private can it be, with Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis? This dinner, Gianfranco will attend," adds the exschoolteacher with just a touch of asperity. "I usually have to push and pull!" It falls to the self-assured directrice to manage all the social aspects of the dealings with celebrated clients: Denise Hale, wife of a financier and former wife of Vincente Minnelli; the Patinos and the Gettys; Barbra Streisand; Princess Michael of Kent; and Milva, the Brechtian singer with long red hair, who is famous for her spectacular appearances in Italian concert halls.

"At first I just kept things going when Gianfranco was away," says Airaghi. "Then in '78, when Ferre presented his own label collection for Mattioli, it became a full-time job. I mean full time! Nights! Sundays! Whole weekends!"

The designer, she says, is first and foremost a realist. "His projects are practical. He goes to work with everything in his head—market requirements, manufacturing schedules, financial limitations, development of themes, advertising. When packaging experts brought in their mock-ups for the fragrance, for instance, and he didn't like them, he took up his scissors, paper, and tape and made them a model there and then."

In the studio, his apprentices show Ferre's sketches, two for each garment. One is a whirl of abstract movement, the other a blueprint with precise measurements jotted in the margin. He is one of the few couturiers who can explain, and therefore teach. A professor of clothing design at Milan's Domus Academy, he was, until Bernard Arnault's call, considering Vienna's request that he fill the famous art school's fashion teaching post recently vacated by Karl Lagerfeld.

His studio staff averages twenty-five years of age and receives arguably the most demanding of design educations available: hence the bellows of rage that occasionally echo down the black-rubber corridors.

"He's very tough until you get into his method," says Andrea Gallieri, thirty. "He wants direction, logic, discipline."

"The first month he lets you express yourself freely," says Alvaro Roche, twenty-four, from Venezuela. "Then he gets very angry. He never forgets your mistakes, but he never gives up on you. You must keep trying and trying until you can show him you've got order and proper targets."

Ferre enters in a navy Shetland sweater pinned with his lucky gold safety pin, his arms full of fabric samples, and says with dignity, "I do not teach how to design clothes. I explain the logical analysis required to understand how to make dresses."

Before he met Mattioli—even before he designed accessories—Ferre spent much time traveling in India designing and advising the new fashion industry. The dazzling continent, with all its crafts, traditions, and color schemes, was a revelation to him. He says the relation between the people, the climate, and the environment laid the basis of the logic that carries him from a historical appreciation of the differences between races to the ultimate refinements of the *alta mòda*.

As always, it is the technique behind the vision that interests him most. He tells of the carpet makers he watched operating on three floors of a ramshackle building, working to the rhythms of the manager's song.

"The song provides a coded set of instructions that the weavers can follow blindly, without counting their knots. Only on each floor I noticed they were making carpets of different colors. And I found that each floor of workers had a different color interpretation for the words of the song. Typically Indian. Simple and complicated at the same time."

Fashion's most famous epigram, Diana Vreeland's "Pink is the navy blue of India," has made its way into the annals of fashion literature. It was in the course of a conversation with Ferre that she made her remark, in response to his description of the Delhi railway station, with its turquoise floor and its crowds of men in khaki and beige with brilliant turbans in every shade of rose. History has failed to record Ferre's eminently realistic reply, so typical of the levelheaded couturier from Lombardy.

"Naturally," he replied, in his air-blown, leaky voice. "Pink is the navy blue of India because it's the cheapest of all dyes."

IN THIS ISSUE

Details, prices, more stores, more . . . on this month's looks

Page 4 (cover): Isaac Mizrahi silk chiffon dress, $2,300. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. **35:** 1) Gianni Versace silk georgette top and silk velvet skirt. To order at Gianni Versace Boutique, NYC. 3) Gianfranco Ferre top and skirt. 4) Missoni mohair and polyester jacket, $2,025, and vest, $1,265. Wool pants, $530. Missoni Boutique, NYC. 5) Silk twill jacket and scarf. To order at Hermès Boutiques, NYC, Beverly Hills. 6) Salvatore Ferragamo suede jacket and skirt. Jacket, $4,380. Salvatore Ferragamo Boutique, NYC; Panache, Millburn NJ. **40:** 2) Skirt with belt, $550; turtleneck, $360. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus. Cashmere shawl, $560. Saks Fifth Avenue. Hanes Hosiery. 3) Dress, $720. Bergdorf Goodman. 4) Dress, $1,510. Balliet's. Pouch, Prada, NYC. Bracelets, Martha Sturdy, Canada. Nancy Lewis & Co., Santa Fe. 5) Outfit, $4,950. Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin. Sunglasses, Cutler & Gross, London at the Aubrey Co. Bergdorf Goodman; Perlie, Hubbard Woods IL. Jay Feinberg earrings. Saks Fifth Avenue; Auer's, Denver. Bracelets by Paul Morelli, Roxanne Assoulin for Savannah. Watch, Bulova. Shalimar gloves. Zitomer's, NYC; B. Forman, Rochester NY. Bag, Dominique Aurientis. 6) Dress, $950; cardigan, $1,050. Bonwit Teller, NYC; The Gazebo, Dallas. Mary Jane Marcasiano scarf, $425. Nancy & Co., NYC; Ruth Kishline's Country Clothes, Evansville IN. La Leg tights. 7) Ralph Lauren Classics turtleneck, $495. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC. Ralph Lauren Classics crew neck, $495. Ivey's, Charlotte NC, Winter Park FL. Ralph Lauren Roughwear lamb suede jodhpurs, $670. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills. Sunglasses, Claude Montana for Alain Mikli. Alain Mikli Boutique, NYC; City Optix, San Francisco. Watch, Chopard Genève. Cellini Jewelers, NYC; Princess Ermine Jewels, Beverly Hills. Belt, Ruza Creations. Hermès gloves. **46:** 1) Rayon shirt, $395. Jeans, $350. Bergdorf Goodman. Vest, $900. To order at The Gazebo, Dallas. 3) Cashmere blanket, $2,500. Bergdorf Goodman. **50:** Photo courtesy of Castle Rock Entertainment. **54:** 1) Hat, $750. If Soho, NYC; Maxfield, Los Angeles. 2) Gloves, $450. Hermès Boutiques, NYC, San Francisco. Hair by Mitch Barry; makeup by Sonia Kashuk. 3) Hat, $175. Lord & Taylor; Greta, Beverly Hills. Hatpins, $130 each. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus. Hair by Mitch Barry; makeup by Sonia Kashuk. 4) Wool dress, $1,495. Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Bullocks Wilshire. Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche hat, $360. Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Washington DC. Christian Lacroix Prêt-à-Porter wool and cot-

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IN THIS ISSUE

ton jacket, $2,135. Saks Fifth Avenue; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour FL. 5) Christian Lacroix hat, $542. Hair, Donald for l'Agence Bruno, Paris; makeup, Laurie Starrett for L Boué and C Schack, Paris. **57:** Right: Junior Gaultier nylon jacket, $298. Barneys New York. Wool sweater, $165. Barneys New York (sweater to order). Hat and earrings at Bergdorf Goodman. **62:** Irié wool sweater, $265, and polyamide and spandex pants, $150. Charivari, NYC. Irié scarf and gloves available at Charivari, NYC. Hermès tote bag.

Fall signals

138: Sweater and leggings also at Adaria, Birmingham MI; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Aversa, Milwaukee; The Gazebo, Dallas. Sunglasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Paloma Picasso belt and bag. I. Magnin. Shalimar gloves. Hermès scarf. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Bergdorf Goodman; Posh, Chicago; I. Magnin. **139:** Acetate and nylon coat. Carolyne Roehm wool and cashmere sweater and scarf; wool and spandex pants. Sweater and scarf, $885; pants, $720. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Helen's of Course, Portland OR. Sunglasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. José & María Barrera earrings. Martha. Prada gloves. Prada, NYC. Paloma Picasso bag. **140:** Wool jersey jacket and skirt available in August (sold with a scarf and sweater, not shown), $3,500. All pieces also at Kaufmann's; Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Rich's; Higbee's; Swansons on the Plaza; Bullocks Wilshire; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Wool and cashmere sweater. Earrings, Edouard Rambaud. Scarf, Hermès Boutiques, NYC, San Francisco. Belt, Kleinberg Sherrill. Bergdorf Goodman; Scarboro Fair, Glencoe IL. Panty stockings, Fogal of Switzerland, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Houston, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Manolo Blahnik, NYC; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY. **141:** Suit, $3,000; stole, $950. Available late September. Sunglasses, Maud Frizon, NYC and Manhasset NY, Boston, San Francisco. Earrings, José & María Barrera. Bag, Paloma Picasso. Anne Klein II by Aris Gloves. Bracelets, Mercedes Rubirosa. Panty stockings, Fogal of Switzerland, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Houston, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. Shoes, Walter Steiger. Walter Steiger, NYC; Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills. **142:** Cotton twill coat. Mohair sweater. Coat also at Mendelsohn, Philadelphia. Earrings, Edouard Rambaud. Saks Fifth Avenue. Belt, Paloma Picasso. Panty stockings, Fogal of Switzerland, NYC. **143:** Polyester and nylon parka. Cotton jodhpurs. Also at Adele Kauff, Great Neck NY; Harry B's, Nashville; Ruth Meyers, Oklahoma City. Scarf, Calvin Klein Accessories. Sunglasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Saks Fifth Avenue; Marshall Field's. Earrings, Edouard Rambaud. Off Broadway, NYC. Bracelet, Paloma Picasso. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Bag, Prada. Shawl, Hermès Boutiques, NYC, San Francisco. **144:** Wool, nylon, and polyurethane pants. Wool turtleneck, $115. New Republic Clothier, NYC; Family Britches, Chappaqua NY, New Canaan CT. Monet earrings. British Khaki by Robert Lighton bag. Whitten's, Albertville AL; Randall's, Waco TX. Cape from Collection by Ralph Lauren. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, San Francisco. **145:** Coat, $3,590. Also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Jacobson's; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Tacque earrings. Paloma Picasso sunglasses. Bloomingdale's; Tootsies, Houston; I. Magnin. Portolano gloves. Bergdorf Goodman; Glove Me Tender, Chicago and Winnetka IL. **146:** Wool jacket also at Neiman Marcus; Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Karl Lagerfeld wool turtleneck, $525. Saks Jandel; Neiman Marcus. Hat, Karl Lagerfeld. Earrings, Christian Lacroix. Gloves, La Bagagerie, NYC. Shoes, Karl Lagerfeld. Bloomingdale's; Neiman Marcus, San Francisco. **147:** Wool and mohair coat, $2,420. Available late August. Viscose and polyamide leggings by Corinne Cobson, $450. Rita Jamie, NYC. Earrings, Christian Lacroix. Bergdorf Goodman; Bullocks Wilshire; I. Magnin. Gloves, La Bagagerie. Shoes, Robert Clergerie. Tootsi Plohound, NYC; Ecru, Los Angeles. Flowers courtesy of Moulié Savart, Paris. **148:** Wool, acrylic, nylon, and viscose suit. Silk and polyester blouse. Sunglasses, Christian Lacroix for Optyl. Accessories, Christian Lacroix. Scarf and cross at Bloomingdale's. **149:** Jacket and skirt also at John Wanamaker; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI; Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Costa Mesa CA. Wool mock turtleneck, Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, $450. See page 149 and above for stores. Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. At Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC. Gloves, La Bagagerie, NYC, Beverly Hills. **150:** Coat, $5,140. Also at Chanel Boutiques, Chicago, Beverly Hills, Honolulu. Sunglasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Gloves, Chanel. Shawl, Hermès Boutiques, NYC, San Francisco. Bag, Christian Lacroix. Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes, Chanel Boutiques, San Francisco, Honolulu HI. **151:** Sunglasses, Christian Lacroix for Optyl. Earrings, Christian Lacroix. Bag, Maud Frizon, NYC and Manhasset NY, Phoenix, San Francisco. Gloves, Christian Lacroix. **152:** Polyurethane and nylon bodysuit. Available in September. Also at Boutique Francaise, Washington DC; Romanoff Boutique, Bal Harbour FL. Issey Miyake gloves. **153:** Russian sable coat, $12,500. Available in August. Also at Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. Portolano gloves. Barneys New York. **154:** Dress, $3,000; rayon velvet bolero, $6,600. Available in October. Earrings and necklace at Saks Fifth Avenue; Balliet's; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. **155:** Dress, $5,370. Also at Krizia, Bal Harbour FL, Dallas, Houston, Beverly Hills, Quebec and Ontario Canada. Calvin Klein Hosiery. **156-157:** Dress, $23,000. Available in September. Also at Abiti, Coconut Grove FL. To order at Gianni Versace Boutique, NYC. **158:** Jacket and pants (not shown), $3,000; silk blouse, $900. **159:** Skirt, $5,395. Valentino shirt, $865. Valentino Boutique, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Beverly Hills. Bracelets and belt, Valentino Garavani Accessories. Valentino Boutique, NYC. Shoes, Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, NYC. **160:** Shoes also at Posh, Chicago. **161:** Shirt available late September. Also at Molly Moses, Pittsburgh; Neiman Marcus. Pants available in August. Also at Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dallas. **162:** Dress available in August. Accessories, Robert Lee Morris for Donna Karan New York. Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin. **163:** Dress, $2,995. Available in September. Also at Kaufmann's; Charles Sumner, Chestnut Hill MA. Gloves, Geoffrey Beene. Shoes at Diego Della Valle, NYC. **167:** Wool, rayon, polyester, and elastane bodysuit also at Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove and Bal Harbour FL; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. **168:** Cotton and Lycra bodysuit and leotard also at Alan Bilzerian, Worcester MA. Shoes, Philippe Model. Bar-

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neys New York. **169:** Wool jacket and scarf. Cotton, nylon, and polyurethane leggings. Jacket also at I. Magnin. Scarf also at Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA. Leggings also at Boutique Francaise, Washington DC; Buffalo, Tarzana CA. Gloves, Shalimar. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC, Boston, San Francisco. **170:** Top also at Toby Lerner, Philadelphia. **171:** Viscose and acrylic jacket. Viscose skirt. Outfit, $3,500. **172:** Wrap belt available with matching dress. Wrap belt also at Esti's, Cedarhurst NY; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Romanoff Boutique, Bal Harbour FL; Tootsies, Houston; The Gazebo, Dallas; Nuages, Aspen; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood CA; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. Cotton and Lycra top and leggings. Top, $80; leggings, $85. Barneys New York; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Tiziana, Los Angeles. **173:** Cashmere sweater, $2,120. Bergdorf Goodman. Mesh chain collar also at Balliet's. Wigs at Theresa's Wigs, NYC. **174:** Earrings also at Martha, Bal Harbour FL; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Turtleneck, Jean Paul Gaultier. **175:** Romeo Gigli scarf, $4,175. **178:** Top left: Panty stockings, $9. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's; Neiman Marcus. Top right: Panty stockings, $16. Fogal of Switzerland, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Chicago, Houston, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. Bottom left: Belt available in August. Wool turtleneck, John Smedley for John Mendez, $160. Tearneys, Palo Alto CA. Scarf, Frances Patiky Stein. Jumpsuit, Yorke & Cole. For stores, see below. Bottom right: Plaid shawl available in November at Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. Striped scarf is a tablecloth. Yorke & Cole acrylic, wool, and Lycra jumpsuit, $560. Bagutta, NYC; Blake, Chicago; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Shoes, Beene Bag for Diego Della Valle. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA; Globe Shoes, Savannah GA. **179:** Dress, Isaac Mizrahi. Wig, Theresa's Wigs, NYC. **180:** Shoes also at Alan Bilzerian, Worcester MA. Panty stockings, $25. Leggiadro, NYC. Cotton velvet with gold and sequin flowered pants, $830. If Soho, NYC; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY.

The nonconformist

199: Coat, $4,700. Gianfranco Ferre earrings, gloves, and scarf (worn around waist). Shoes, Gianfranco Ferre for Diego Della Valle. Diego Della Valle, NYC. **201:** Suit, $2,325. Shoes, Gianfranco Ferre for Diego Della Valle. Diego Della Valle, NYC. **202:** Gloves, Gianfranco Ferre. **203:** Alpaca, mohair, and wool coat, $5,500. Also at I. Magnin. Belt, Gianfranco Ferre.

Short cut to fall

204-205: Corset and panties also at Flash Lingerie, Coconut Grove FL; Jacobson's; Enchanté, Chicago; Schwartz's Intimate Apparel, Skokie IL; Behind Closed Doors, Lexington KY; Boudoir, Scottsdale AZ, Newport Beach CA; Lisa Norman Lingerie, West Hollywood CA. Background: Bustier and panties also at Intima, Philadelphia; Flash Lingerie, Coconut Grove FL; Jacobson's; Schwartz's Intimate Apparel, Skokie IL; Boudoir, Scottsdale AZ, Newport Beach CA; Lisa Norman Lingerie, Santa Monica and West Hollywood CA. **207:** Top left: Camisole also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore. Top right: Pillows from Pratesi, NYC, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour FL, Beverly Hills. Center and bottom left: Polyester and cotton robe. Antron and Lycra bodystocking. Bench, Umbrello, NYC. Bottom right, background: Polyester crepe de chine bra, $28. Also at Nordstrom, Alaska. Polyester crepe de chine boxers by Natori, $36. Altman's; Jacobson's. Bottom center: For bra, panties, garter belt, stockings, see pages 210-211. Scarves, Michael Katz. Bed, John Ryman for Zona, NYC. **208:** Moschino acetate and viscose shirt, $345. Bergdorf Goodman; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. **209:** Turtleneck, Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis. **210:** Bra, panties, and garter belt also at Neiman Marcus; Boudoir, Scottsdale AZ, Newport Beach CA; Lisa Norman Lingerie, Santa Monica and West Hollywood CA; Nordstrom, McLean VA, Seattle; La Vie en Rose, Ontario Canada. Hanes Hosiery. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field's; Dayton; Hudson. **211:** Teddy, bra, and panties also at Enchanté, Chicago; Boudoir, Scottsdale AZ; Lisa Norman Lingerie, Santa Monica and West Hollywood CA; Nordstrom, McLean VA, Seattle. Teddy also at La Vie en Rose, Ontario Canada. Calvin Klein Hosiery.

The fine print

213: Shirt to order in November. Also at Hermès Boutiques, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. Earrings and bracelets, Hermès Boutiques, NYC, Boston, Palm Beach FL, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. **214:** Cotton velvet coat also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Harry B's., Nashville; Ron Ross, Tarzana CA. Sunglasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Saks Fifth Avenue. Earrings, gloves, belt, and scarf, Hermès. Hermès Boutiques, NYC, Boston, Palm Beach FL, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Honolulu. **215:** Inset above: Outfit also at Panache, Millburn NJ. Inset below: Shirt also at Hirshleifer's Manhasset NY; Greta, Beverly Hills. Bra and panties also at Neiman Marcus. Necklace, Chanel. **218-219:** From top, left to right: Roxanne Lowit, Mary Hilliard, Mary Hilliard, Mary Hilliard, Roxanne Lowit, Mary Hilliard, Roxanne Lowit. **220:** First row, second row: Mary Hilliard. Third row, from left: Mary Hilliard, Gabé Doppelt, Mary Hilliard, Mary Hilliard, Gabé Doppelt. Fourth row, from left: Mary Hilliard, Ernest Schmatolla, Roxanne Lowit, Mary Hilliard. Far right: Mary Hilliard. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

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Watching the royal reruns: even Princess Diana's wardrobe is subject to its own line of succession

A WELL-BROUGHT-UP GIRL KNOWS HOW NOT TO BE wasteful. Queen Elizabeth kept detailed accounts of her shilling-a-week pocket money when a child; as an adult she has sequins and beads removed from old evening dresses and attached to new. Her example is followed spontaneously by daughter-in-law Princess Di. Peplums and trains are removed or adjusted by the princess's current favorite designers, Victor Edelstein and Catherine Walker. Collars and bows are added. And dresses made for the princess are rarely set aside to face the gloom of the forgotten closet. When they've had their day with Di, more likely than not they'll still be seen on the royal circuit—this time hugging the figure of the robust Duchess of York, or skimming the sleek form of the princess's sister Lady Sarah McCorquodale. The Green movement is big news in England right now. And recycling like the royals could be the next big fashion trend. —**MARY KILLEN**

Body double: green dress spotted on Diana at Ascot in 1986, on similarly slim Lady Sarah McCorquodale, in 1988

In Australia in 1985

Lady Sarah in 1987

Diana in 1988

Same make, same model

Altered state: Diana's 1987 dress stretched to fit the pregnant Duchess of York last year.

Diana's dress for reviewing the troops in 1981

. . . up for inspection in 1985 at Ascot on Fergie

From left, top row: Sipa Press, ROBIN NUNN; Globe Photos; second row: Globe Photos; third row: Syama; Globe Photos; Globe Photos; fourth row: Sipa Press; Globe Photos; Globe Photos

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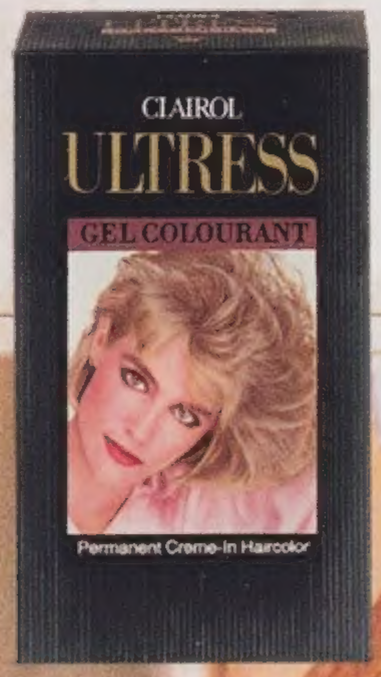

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